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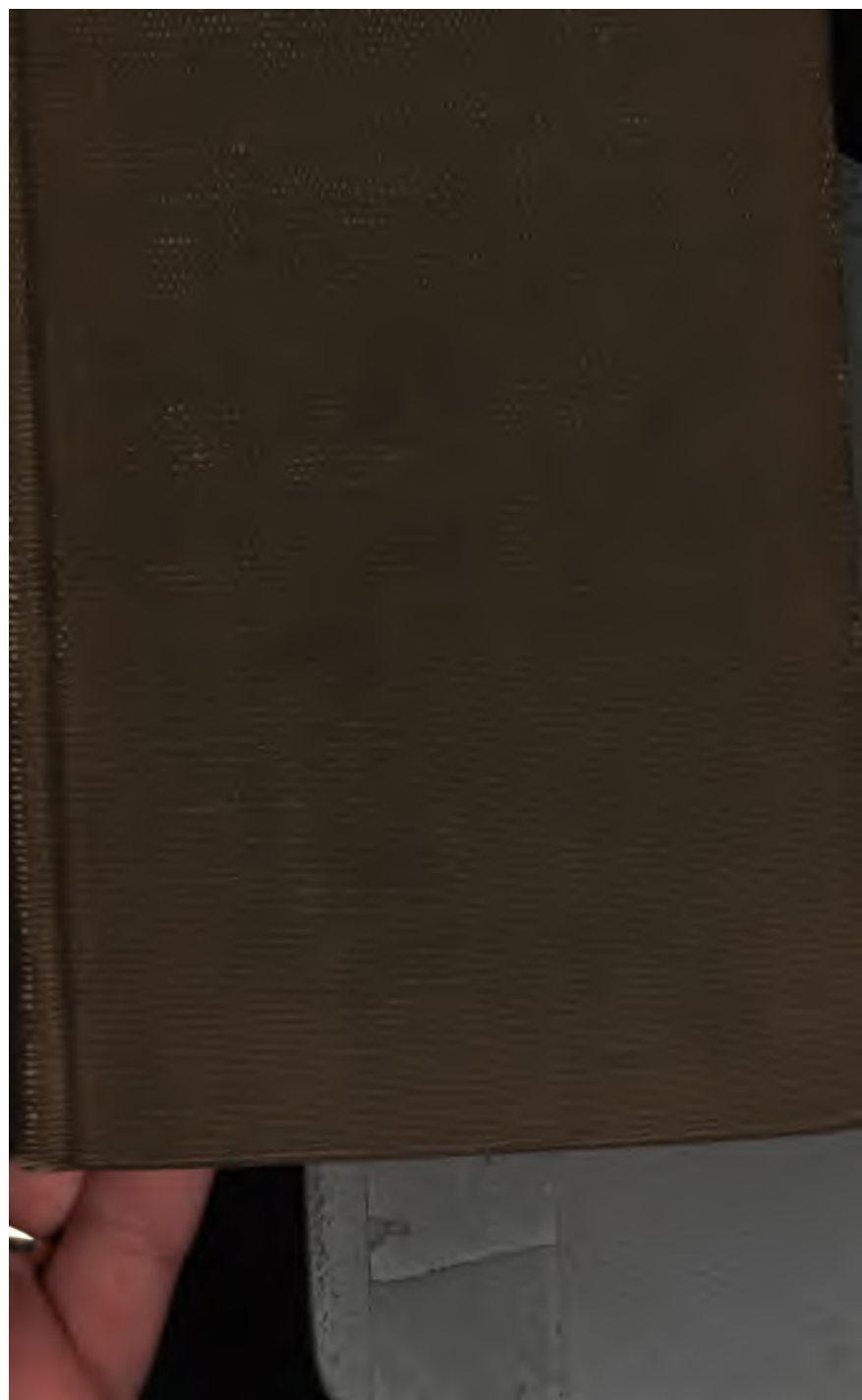
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*The Gift of
Mr. Wilder Dwight,
of Brookline,
Student at Law in
Harvard College.
Recd Jan 7. 23.
1855.*



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The Gift of
Mr. Wilder Dwight,

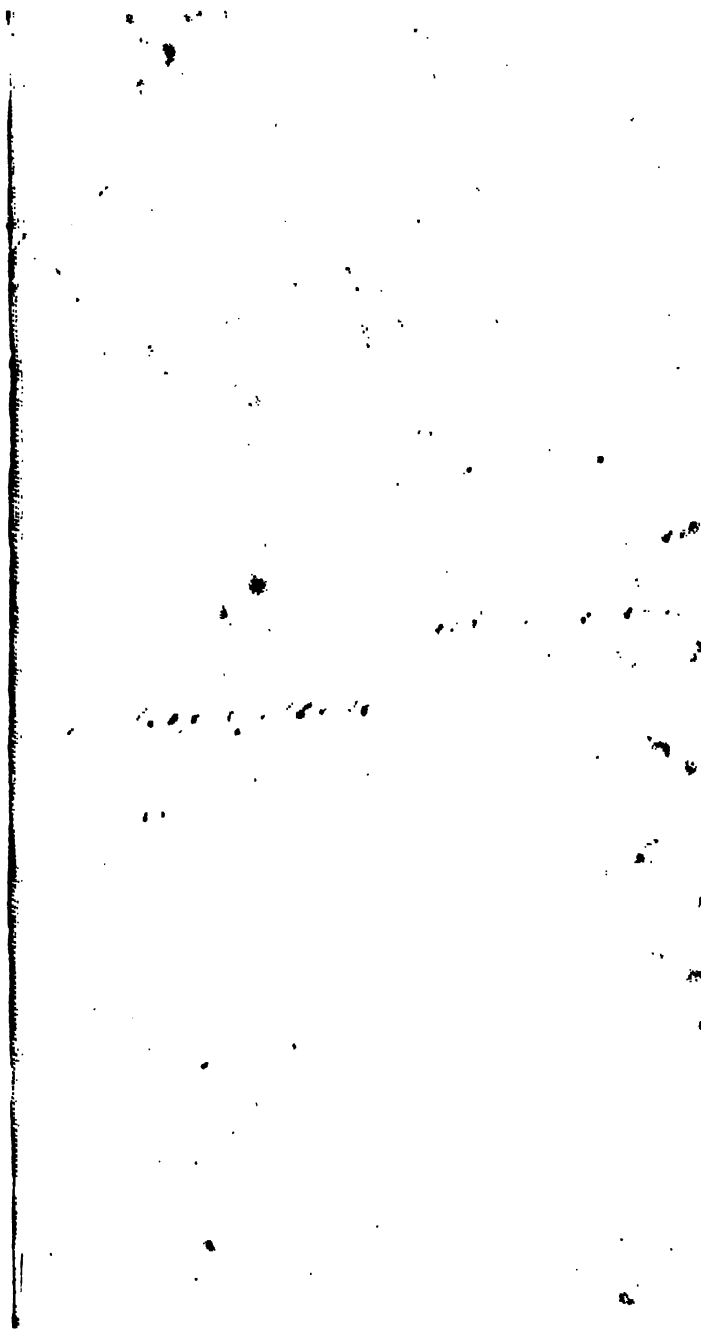
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1855.









HINTS

TO

MY COUNTRYMEN.

BY AN AMERICAN.

Thomas Jefferson

Au royaume des aveugles, les borgnes sont rois.
In the kingdom of the blind, one-eyed persons are kings.

cc
NEW-YORK:

J. SEYMOUR, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.

1826.

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Jan 23
L. Alder Dingle
Jan 1853

Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1826, in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Jonathan Seymour, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"Hints to my Countrymen. By an American.—Au royaume des aveugles, les borgnes sont rois. In the kingdom of the blind, one-eyed persons are kings."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

DEDICATION.

THIS little book is dedicated by the author, first, to the good people on his native hills, and then to those of a city, where he long enjoyed a happy intercourse, with kind friends and generous patrons, never to be forgotten. If, perchance, any of them should ask why it is so large, or why it is so small; why the author has not attempted higher themes, or a more worthy style of treating those he has attempted; why it is filled with trifling notices of what the reader may deem trifling things; why, in particular, the writer should hope to find readers in that class which reads little, and therefore is not likely to be much benefited by any thing that is written; or why he should write at all, or ten thousand



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LETTER I.

THE BANTAM HEN.

November 1825.

My dear Brother,

I LONG since promised you some account of my rural recreations and of our people, and generally of my observations and reflections upon what is passing. This I shall from time to time put in the form of a letter, or some other form, as suits my convenience, and transmit to you. It is not now, being the fifth of November, a season of much occupation with me, and therefore I thus devote my leisure.

Neither the spade nor the hoe will enter the ground; the trees are undressed for a long winter's night; and I no longer see my little *Bantam Hen* from my window, as I rise in the morning, peering and scratching for her seven lubberly sons and daughters, which, though brought up under her wings, are the progeny of common hens. She has now retired to the barn and the stable, and there pursues, with the same intense industry, the occupation of providing for this large family.

Cowper has said, I believe, that we know little yet of the habits of animals. I have watched this Bantam the whole summer long, and am amazed at her exhibition of industry and maternal affection. She is not, like some selfish parents that I have known, who take all the nice tit-bits to their own corner of the table, leaving the children the odds and ends, and whatever they can get; but she, tender-hearted as she is, always serves them first. It is pleasing to see her scratch till you would think her very toes would come off, then move back a pace, to observe if she has unearthed the worm; and when she spies it, leave it to be gulped down by one of her ravenous bantlings.

These chickens are now as large as the mother; but she is not, I presume, prepared for the pain of breaking up the family, and still watches them by day and by night. I have more than once witnessed their little operations in retiring to rest. The mother first takes her position; then follow two of the chickens, one under each wing; but she is so small and they so large, that, in this way, her wings are shoved above her back, and she is compelled to rest standing, instead of sitting—but there she stands, without the slightest symptom of fretfulness or uneasiness, and the rest of the little flock take their positions alongside; but in one way, remark, that is, *head to head*, in the most fraternal attitude that can be conceived.

Now Mr. Paley would say, that the observation of such beauties and excellences in nature, is a cure for atheism. It should be, I admit; but that

it has been, we must deny, when we see that men have devoted their lives, and long lives also, to the study of all that is beautiful in creation, and yet have not been able to discern the Creator. If not absolutely a cure in all cases, it is an excellent preventive ; and as such, may be recommended to the learned and the unlearned ; to the man who is tracking the stars, and to him who is following the plough.

This man at the plough, deserves some attention ; heretofore, in the world, he has received but little : in former times his sweat dropped for others ; now the case is a good deal reversed ; the land, (I mean among us) the cattle, the plough, are his. What changes, what unheard of institutions, what discoveries in morals, what new contrivances for human happiness, are to come out of this order of things, is yet to be seen. *Ignorance* will certainly not bring them about ; that experience has shown. To be able to read, write, and spell, is but the *scaffolding* of an education, even to a *labouring* man. With nothing more, his knowledge is not much in advance of the cattle that drag his plough ; ignorant beings, made, and made wisely for the service of man, but unconscious of the beauties and excellences of nature and art ; of the fertility of the land, and how it is produced, the metals and minerals that lie beneath its surface ; the admirable plants and flowers that spring from it, the beautiful contrivances of art, in the plough, the harrow, the spade, the hoe, the sickle, the cradle, for bringing forth and collecting

its useful products : these are all one to his mind, if *mind* he may be said to have. This is the condition of the *beast*, but not of the *instructed man*.

You have sometimes gently hinted, that I was an enthusiast; but who can assign a limit to the progress of religion, of virtue, of knowledge, among a people who possess that liberty, which secures to them the land, the plough, and the cattle ! that industry, which loads their tables with the blessings which God awards to it, and that pride, which makes a man among us, almost wish he were dumb, rather than be obliged to confess, that he can neither write nor read !

Thus you see, that I began with my little Bantam hen and her nurslings, and I have ended with a man at the plough, where I suppose him to be six days out of the seven, in his frock and trowsers ; but on the seventh, I would put a good coat on his back, and it should be *black* or *blue*, while these colours, as at present, are the distinctions of gentlemen ; if blue, *yellow buttons*. You will smile at this fancy of the *yellow buttons*, but I will hereafter give my reasons more at length. Thus you see, my dear brother, that with a small farming establishment, I have provided myself with recreations during a long and dreary winter. When nature wakes up in the spring, combs her beautiful hair, puts on her summer's attire of violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red, and prepares to go forth to supply her broad and bountiful table the earth, with her fine fruits ; then I shall have my hands full with the plough, the hoe, and the

spade, as one of her standard-bearers, but no leisure to write to you.

I cannot, however, dismiss my Bantam, without relating the history of one of her offspring. It was her *eighth*, the *seven* I have mentioned. This little fellow was like the man in the Scriptures, not only blind, but *born blind*. I took him to the house for examination, tried with the aid of milk and water, and my silk handkerchief, to separate his eye-lids, till I became satisfied, not that the windows had been closed, but that they had never been opened. I returned him to the coop, and when the rest were fed, his instincts brought him into the circle; but they thrust him from his place, ran over him, and trod him under foot; and even when I took him into my hand to give him his food, he would sometimes force his beak against it, but oftener into the empty air. My efforts to keep him alive, were all in vain. Can you conceive of any thing more helpless, than a *blind chicken*! and how little different is his condition from that of the *ignorant* man? He, also, is blind, run over, trodden under foot, his privileges usurped: robbed of his portion of God's intended bounty, his life is consumed through ignorance, in beating the empty air, where he finds neither food nor drink.

With this, I also send you enclosed the history of some other occupants of my poultry yard; which my niece, in the midst of brushes, brooms, needles, her own children, and a thousand domestic hindrances, has found leisure to set to music,

THE FEATHERED FAMILY.

by throwing into rhyme. I need not tell *you*, that though I love this harmony, I could never *write* a line of it.

Your affectionate brother,
N. D——.

THE FEATHERED FAMILY.

THOUGH o'er the broad and beauteous earth,
Man holds the sway that at his birth
His Maker gave, and land and sea
Pay tribute to his majesty ;
Still, he may many lessons learn
From beings, whom his pride would spurn.
And though this truth so oft made clear,
At first may somewhat trite appear,
I cannot the desire restrain,
To say or sing it once again ;
Besides, my Tale, if Tale it be,
Is, on my honour, *verity*.

Within the circling mountain's bound
A verdant flowery mead was found ;
Where flow'd a stream that purer seem'd
Than any crystal e'er was deem'd.
A rustic bridge across was thrown,
Upon whose broad foundation-stone,
A blind and aged Fisher sought
To tempt the prize, but seldom caught.
One spot within the meadow green,
More fair than all the rest was seen.
A little grassy mound, that might
Be deem'd the fairies' special right ;
For on its summit smooth and broad,
Their midnight revels oft they'd trod ;

THE FEATHERED FAMILY.

While the near water, murmur'd sweet,
Had lent its music to their feet.
Nor do I quarrel with the mind
That can its pleasure sometimes find
In fancies such as these; but I
Must choose a theme not quite so high,
With which however 'tis most true,
We all have something more to do.
On that green spot where fairies might,
For aught I know, have danc'd at night,
A cock and hen led forth their young,
To pick the new-mown hay among;
And as he strutted by her side,
Her heart swell'd high with love and pride.
For she of barn-door belles alone
Had made the gallant cock her own.
As tender, and as faithful she,
As fondest wife could ever be;
And he, as loving, and more true
Than any man I ever knew.
This day, (ah! sad to think that ne'er
Such bliss again should be their share!)
They rov'd with their delighted train,
'And pick'd, and scratch'd, and pick'd again.
They made the circuit of the mound,
And then about its base they wound;
'Then all along the mead they stray'd,
Then rested in the cooling shade:
Then, to the brook with cautious tread,
Their tim'rous little ones they led;
And when they went the brink too near,
The signal of recall you'd hear.
But ah! how chang'd the joyous scene!
Death comes their gentle loves between;
And e'er that sun his race had clos'd,
Her eyes in endless sleep repos'd!
Now, though you may not this believe,
'Tis said that *birds* like *men* can grieve:

LETTER II.

MANNERS AND WAYS.

My dear Brother,

THE people of *New England* have their peculiarities : few of them are in the condition of Mrs. Shandy, who, as you recollect, could never remember whether the sun went round the earth, or the earth round the sun. It is a question never asked here, whether a man can read or write, I mean of a native ; and if you find a stranger who has come from some quarter, where among his class reading and writing are not the fashion, so catching is the pride of his neighbours, that if you ask him to sign a receipt, he will turn, twist, and shift one leg upon another, tell you “ he has got no account of it, that it will never appear against you,” and so on ; but if he really is compelled to come to the point, and say, that he is not able to write ; you will see the blood in one instant on the tip of his nose and ears. What a fine provision in nature, that these passions of ours should have an *ear*-mark ! Shall we shame men then, out of their ignorance ? No, we cannot do that : it is a malady that is incurable in a man grown up. But what then ? We must shame him for his *children’s* sake ; and through affection for them, make him scratch hard like my little *Bantam* hen. That is the thing : scratch hard we must, to be able to wear black and

blue coats ; and if blue, yellow buttons, so here you have my reason for the *yellow buttons*. You know, that I am not foolish enough to *care* about this sort of thing in itself ; but I mean to make it stand for others more important which it generally accompanies ; such as a comfortable house, a feather bed in cold weather, enough to eat and to wear, *educated* children : an *American*, who feels that as such, he is born to the greatest inheritance that man ever enjoyed, and knows the story of how much, *these yellow buttons with a good coat have cost*.

The people here raise chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese, and for what purpose do you think ? Why to eat them. They raise *potatoes* too, and a great many, but they do not *live* upon potatoes. In France they say, that potatoes are the manna of the poor : our people are of the same opinion, provided you will add the quails. I was lately invited to tea at the house of one of our *middling* farmers. You remember what a *Tea* is here ; more good things than I can enumerate ; with virgin honey often, (for they do not *sell* all their honey) and if honey, an entire form of it ; something like in shape, those great gingerbread cakes, which we used to eat on *Election* day ; two rows of which, you remember, would answer for a small boy, and leave him like a crammed chicken. The honey on the occasion I have mentioned, was not the less sweet for being served by a beautiful young lady. After counting noses, she divided it into the requisite parts. The male members

of the family at this hospitable board, ate the honey, not as your genteel people do, where a half spoonful serves for a relish, but as I used to do indian pudding, at the good old colonel's, when I first went from home to school, upon a little parallelogram table, hoisted upon rollers against the wall, and where for seven months it was served every day, as *the first course*. You and I, my dear brother, feel alike, when we see these people, instead of rum and potato suppers, enjoying those blessings which God has given to industry, to knowledge, and to virtuous habits. Yes, if they will have the gatherings of the bee, they must be like the bee. When I see how they live, it puts me in mind of the cartmen in your great city. I think it is Spring-street, but am not sure; if not that, some other hard by. Your Corporation have, I think, pushed the *equality system* a little too far; for I do not believe that it was ever intended that it should be applied to the face of the earth, and that nobody should live on a *hill*. They must however have had the most benevolent views in giving all the hills an airing, by taking a ride in the carts, though they have thus buried up the cartmen, and turned their basement stories into cellars; for from these filled-up streets, as I have often done, you may in a cold December evening at six o'clock, look from the street through the now cellar windows, plump down upon the supper tables of these cartmen, and see them all smoking with tea, hot-rolls, sausages, or pork steaks. God bless the cartmen! these, are the fruits of

liberty and industry ; this is an *American's* supper, not a poor Irishman's potatoes and whiskey.

My eyes are dim with writing, and I must bid good night to you and the cartmen. If you desire a good appetite for your breakfast, go up Hudson-street, a little before eight o'clock ; you will see them thundering into the city with their fat horses, (I am sorry to say that all are not so) which they take almost as good care of, as of their children ; it is in this way that they earn the pork suppers. I say again, good night.

Your affectionate brother,

N. D——.

LETTER III.

MANNERS AND WAYS.

My dear Brother,

TRAVELLERS have observed, that in proportion to the delicacy with which the female sex is treated, in any country, are the refinements of the people at large. This I find to be the case here, where the women are very rarely *used* to gather the corn, and dig the potatoes, like the squaws among the Indians. We do not *work* our women; it is the rarest thing in the world to see one in the field, and very uncommon to find one any where without stockings and shoes: this is a part of the *yellow button system*. They are attentive to their *dress*; and I find in this particular a great improvement since our youthful days. Many call this extravagance: I like to see it. If the people dress better, they earn more: there is more industry, thrift, skill, management. Many a man here can earn at job-work a dollar a day; and unless you make him work for shoes and stockings, a good hat on his head, and a good coat on his back, what will you make of him? In summer, bare-headed, bare-footed, his house a hovel, his children in rags, his wife in tears, for fuel green apple-tree limbs and stolen fences, for food and drink, rat-eaten potatoes, boiled in the tea-kettle, rum and rusty pork. For two days in the week he works; the rest is

MANNERS AND WAYS.

spent, the day at the tavern, the night in prowling about his neighbour's corn-crib, except on Sunday, when he regales himself by shooting squirrels and wild ducks. Doctor Franklin says, that if every worker would labour *four hours* in the day, there would be *cream and strawberries*, and *honey* for every body. I have not his precise words, but he does say, there would be enough, and to spare. So also John Wesley, that great and good man, recommended to his tailors, shoemakers, coal-heavers, and blacksmiths, eternal industry; but insisted that they should not be rich. Here was a puzzle, for he knew that a blacksmith's hammer for ever at work, would, by some unaccountable process, produce *silver spoons*. He advises, therefore, that they give all away; but this cannot be, for then you make men indifferent, and sleepy, and they have nothing to give. The religion of this people does not forbid the use of silver spoons; and I think I can assure you with accuracy, that there is not one family in five, that cannot show them to you. Now our people have never read Malthus or Say. To us therefore belongs the merit of discovery, a remedy for half the miseries of mankind; the simplest possible: yellow buttons, honey, tea, coffee, and silver spoons; agreeable to sight, taste, and touch; not a tread-mill in the whole prescription. I send you the recipe, and beg that you will circulate it freely.

Your affectionate brother,

N. D——.

THANKSGIVING.

ACCORDING to a pious, venerable, and ancient usage, public thanks have been lately offered to God throughout New-England, in which all have joined, giving praise for their blessings : for liberty, peace, and security ; the establishment of their colleges and schools, the prosperity of their manufactures and trade, and that the basket of the labourer has been filled with the fruits of the earth.

Ye men from the north, the south, the east, the west, inhabiting these free states, bound together as you are by a triple cord of resemblance, interest and affection, attend all, and give praise !

Ye men of labour all, ye who in this fair portion of God's creation, are the owners of the storehouses, the workshops, the cattle, the sheep upon a thousand hills ; yours are these free, just, and equitable institutions. The arm of the oppressor cannot reach you ; no unfeeling wretch, drunk with pride, power, and lust, can violate your wives or daughters ; no titled plunderer can touch with impunity, a blade of grass that grows in these fields. The laws are of your framing ; the judges of the land of your appointment ; the roads, canals, public edifices, schools, colleges,

are all yours. Ponder, consider well of your privileges, your origin, your destiny. Look back upon your history, your sufferings, your labours, and your triumphs. Look forward, the eyes of the world are upon you ; many good and virtuous beings in every nation are putting up unceasing prayers for the permanency of that beautiful system of liberty and law, which you have begun to erect. The tyrants every where laugh at what they suppose to be your futile efforts, to establish at once safety, peace, and equal rights. Every record of your crimes, your factions, strengthens the sword which they hold over the heads of oppressed men.

Ye cultivators of the earth, whose eyes are refreshed with the beauties of nature, whose employments are in the midst of pure dews and invigorating frosts, which nerve the hand and brighten the eye ; consider well your advantages and your disadvantages ; ye are, many of you, far removed from our beautiful cities, the seats of wealth, intelligence, and the arts ; your labours and your solitary condition deprive you of many means of knowledge, which are open to those who enjoy the free intercourse of society. Ye are also far removed from the diseases and vices which afflict them ; for ye know nothing of the miseries of men, enclosed in garrets, cellars, and vaults, where not a *green thing* grows. Remember, that many of you are suffering from deplorable ignorance, and that this curse ought not to be entailed upon your children. Know, that a *labouring*

man may be cultivated ; that *here* he has both the time and the means, and that when he is so, his happiness, and the profits of his labour, are doubled.

Ye men of wealth, remember that your numbers are too few to give you power ; and that your influence will be proportionate to your munificence, urbanity, and true devotion to the interests of society ; that your wealth, if the result of industry, is fairly gained ; and that its happy influence should not be impaired through proud and aristocratic manners, which are no longer tolerated : if of inheritance, that its pride must fall before those laws of the republic, which now divide into *many* parts, that which has heretofore been the lot of *one*.

Ye men of education, whose felicity it has been to converse with the wise and virtuous of every age, yours is the task and happiness, in this free country, of blending all classes for the common good, by a free interchange of knowledge and opinions ; and thus reconciling all to the *inevitable distinctions* of *learned and unlearned*, of *rich and poor*.

LETTER III.

MANNERS AND WAYS.

My dear brother,

FOND remembrance tells us, that this is the country in which we first blew a whistle, and played four-hold-cat by the hour. A long residence in other parts, I think, enables me to understand my countrymen the better : just as a man who, when his eyes begin to grow a little dim, sees the more accurately for holding the paper farther off than he has been accustomed to do.

These people are *inquisitive*, and for the best reason in the world ; they generally know enough to enable them to ask questions, which, for common people, is knowing a good deal. If a man should arrive here from Jupiter, he would be compelled to inform us as to the general state of things there ; for many have heard of such a planet, and would have a curiosity to know what kind of *business* flourished most there. Many of them *travel*, and some with the true spirit of travellers—to gain useful knowledge, some foreign seed, or plant perhaps, or curious information : as, whether the people of Virginia make salutations as they do themselves ; or, like the Bramin, with both hands on his forehead ; or the

Arab, with ~~the~~ right hand upon his heart. When they travel, for instance, upon the canal, from Albany to Schenectady, they do not spend their time in counting the houses or trees between the two places, but put their heads into every little circle that is formed, open their ears, and pick up what they can, about Mr. Clinton, the cost of the canal, how it was made, and how much horse-flesh it will save. Then they in their own minds thank Mr. Clinton, as well as the other gentlemen concerned, and all the good people of the state of New-York, for the money which so smooth a turnpike saves them in the journey. They are a people of great activity : rain or shine, they stir ; if it snows, their sleighs are on runners ; if a thaw, on wheels. They are seldom brought to a dead stand, with an " Oh, dear me ! " " Dear sirs, what shall we do ! " But, on the contrary, are ready to turn the thing over, and see if " it won't do on t'other side ; " to ascertain if they cannot, as they glide down the Susquehannah, " swop *one* of their *boards* with the Maryland fisherman, for *some* of his *shad* ; " never for a moment doubting that excellent axiom in political economy, *that a good bargain may be good to both parties.*

To the early education of these people, I attribute their superior ingenuity. If they get sick in a foreign port, some how or another they work off the doctor's bill, and get back again.

An American gentleman in Cuba tore his pantaloons on the knee ; he went into a Spanish tailor's shop to get them mended : there he found ten or

twelve of the craft, sitting like *Turks*, all busy, and all Spanish. He pointed in vain to his knee; they did not, or affected not to understand him; perhaps they saw that he was some heretic dog, that deserved to go naked through the world. At length a man cried out from behind a screen, in the mother tongue of the gentleman, "Walk here, sir; walk here, sir; I'll mend your pantaloons." This young Yankee having fallen sick in Cuba, adopted this plan for paying his bills. He never would, however, have reached so distant a place, had he not known that you could not travel to it on *horseback*; and this again comes from their *mother-wit*, improved by asking questions.

As this *mother-wit*, however, in its various modifications, is best illustrated by facts, I send you the enclosed tale in the form of a ballad. The particulars of the story are well known here, and I have with great difficulty induced my niece to put it into rhyme. Her objection was, that a faithful relation of the incidents did not comport with the refinement of a female pen; but I at length overcame her scruples, by assuring her, that the tale was national, characteristic, and worthy of preservation.

Your affectionate brother,

N. D——.

THE LAWYER AND THE CABINET-MAKER.

THE law's a wond'rous fabric, sure,
 The web of many ages,
 All social evils meant to cure,
 By patriots, kings, and sages.

But though the *warp* was often sound,
 Yet now the cloth's laid bare,
 The *woof* is so defective found,
 No wonder it should wear!

With quirks, and fictions, time-begot,
 Disguis'd in Norman-French,
 Which oft were comprehended not
 By jury, bar, or bench.

These matters, though, my skill are past;
 My purpose is to show,
 That *lawyers* still are sometimes *cast*,
 However much they know.

-A certain wily squire had made,
 (His name, no matter what,)
 Of law, a very gainful trade,
 But *equity* forgot.

So mean too was the man, 'tis said,
 That when a hen he sold,
 He'd claim her till her egg was laid,
 The treasure to withhold.

In usury too, of course he'd dip;
 For who should laws evade?

Who know, how best their clutch to slip,
But those by whom they're made?

'Tis thus such statutes oft produce
More ill than they prevent;
Creating many a strange abuse,
And many a foul intent.

A neighbour of the squire, one day,
O'erwhelm'd with care and sorrow,
Before him came his case to lay,
And cash to raise, or borrow.

His counsel giv'n, he thus declares :
" I'd fain oblige a friend,
Though what with losses, and repairs,
I've little now to lend.

" But what if you should buy my mare?
A bargain you can turn her;
And such her merits, I dare swear,
That if you can't, I'd burn her!

" For forty dollars she is yours,
And thirty I will loan,
At least a hundred she insures,
When once she is your own.

" Nor will I press to be repaid,
Or use you like a Turk,
For I will take (since that's your trade)
My pay in *cabinet work*.

" And let it now be understood,
(The law leaves nothing loose,)
It must be season'd, strong, and good,
Such, as in *common use*."

The note thus giv'n, home rides our man,
 The mare in triumph leading ;
 But through his mind some doubts still ran,
 About the whole proceeding.

These doubts gain'd daily proof and weight ;
 Founder'd and blind the beast !
 And back he goes, his case to state,
 And have his note releas'd.

But not so easy this is found,
 The squire in law is older ;
 And swears to prove the mare was sound,
 Up to the time he sold her.

His weary course he homeward bends,
 But deep revenge is kindling :
 " I'll have," he cries, " my full amends
 In spite of all his swindling !"

Then long and late, his light is seen ;
 And though the folk all try,
 To find out what the thing can mean,
 They're left to wonder, why.

While thus he's lab'ring to repay
 The debt his vengeance owes ;
 Time glides about, and brings the day,
 That notes of hand impose.

Now come high winds, and dismal days,
 When e'en the sun, no doubt,
 Delays to rise, that his bright rays,
 May not be blown about.

And arm'd with colds, and fevers too,
 A war, stern winter wages ;
 But best to show what he can do,
 The *influenza* rages !

The country through, 'tis sore and rife,
Escape there is for none;
The squire, nine children, and his wife,
Have just their course begun.

She, a poor superstitious soul!
Can never hear of death,
But it doth cause her eyes to roll,
And shorter grows her breath.

Full soon they hear a passing bell,
Re-echo midst the hills;
It seems the prelude of their knell,
And chills succeed to chills!

Then comes a friend with look aghast,
And all with news o'erflowing—
“I stopp'd to tell you as I pass'd,
How mortal it is growing!

“Here's Captain Bennet just now dead;
Poor man! he lov'd his cup;
But death has got him by *the head*,
And his account's gi'n up!

“There's eighty thousand sick in York;
In Boston all are down;
And well we know, what awful work
It makes throughout our town!”

His words the joyless squire confound,
And worse and worse, he feels;
When hark! there comes the heavy sound
Of grating waggon wheels.

And then a lumb'ring noise they hear,
Resound the house all o'er;
They start, yet know not what they fear,
When open bursts the door!

And face to face his debtor stands ;

“ You see,” he cries, “ I’m true ;

I come, in full of all demands,

To pay you what is due.

“ Behold,” he adds, “ within your hall,

(I hope they’ll suit your taste,

I’ve tried to fit you, great and small,)

Eleven coffins plac’d !

“ Like Shaker boxes, in a *nest*,

And made of ~~seasonal~~ stuff,

I’ll warrant, though you kick your best,

They’ll hold you tight enough !

“ I knew you all were desp’rate sick,

And heard the bell had toll’d ;

I think though, I am in the nick,

For yet you are not *cold* !”

The sounds of many voices rise,

In screams, and sobs, and groans,

But as abates the squire’s surprise,

Resentment swells his tones.

“ Mean you by frauds like these to pay ?

And thus elude the laws ?

You’ll find it to your cost, that they

Have got you in their claws.”

“ Such cost,” replies the man, “ I dare ;

My work you’ll perfect find ;

It will not prove a d—d old mare,

Founder’d besides, and blind !

“ ’Tis *cabinet work*, and of the best ;

There is no mean abuse ;

And even *you*, sir, can’t contest,

That ’tis in *common use* !”

THE BOOK-MERCHANT.

MANY things are conspiring to raise the condition of the *labouring* class : the progress of knowledge, improvement in the arts, good things becoming *cheap* and common. Already we travel from Albany to Niagara on the canal, for ten or fifteen dollars, according to the taste of the traveller, with pretty good fare into the bargain ; and from Albany to New-York, by steam, for two or three dollars. Who will not go to see the Falls of Niagara, and the world at New-York, at such a rate of expense ? A travelled man must indeed be a great boobey, not to be the wiser and better for it ; and when my countrymen, who are great travellers, return after an excursion either *up or down*, I can tell at ten paces distance from a smirk of satisfaction upon their faces, that they have something to say for themselves ; that they have seen man, beast, fish or fowl, the like of which they never beheld before.

I have said that many things are conspiring to raise the condition of the *labouring* class. Think of the *price of books* ! among which you may have the ‘ Domestic Encyclopedia,’ containing a little of almost every thing that is useful ; three very large octaves for *five* dollars ; at which price

the reader may buy of Mr. —, without looking for the direction of "Walk in without knocking," or knocking or walking in at all, for he keeps his books on the *outer* walls of another man's house, at the corner of Broadway and Murray-street, New-York; the store being always open except at night, or in rainy weather; and the master of this out-door tenement a very civil obliging man.*

I give this little piece of information with ten times the more spirit, as while my paper is wet with the ink, if my eyes do not deceive me, I see an old friend of mine, the *Book-Merchant*, pass in his one-horse-waggon, seated on his intelligence-boxes. He is a travelled man, was born in London, and owing to peculiar circumstances, educated above his rank; in addition to which, he has seen much of the world. I have known him long; he is *kind-hearted*, has singularities, always wears white-topped boots, and, when travelling either a cap or low-crowned hat, which he avers are far more convenient than the high crowns, in steam-boats and stages; and that he is determined the shoe-makers, tailors, and hatters shall not make a fool of him, as they do of the greater part of the world.

He is judicious and knowing, and though not a medical man, asserts that he has saved hundreds

* Mr. —, as I, am now informed, has, according to a custom common to industrious people in America, a roof of his own.

of children, by recommending instead of a meat diet while the painful operation of teething was going on, milk, biscuit, and water. He loves his fellow-creatures, and always carries a few medicines in his waistcoat pocket that are well approved by his own experience, which he knows how to administer in cases of emergency, there being no physician at hand—is surrounded with conveniences ; has a pocket made on purpose for his travelling tooth-brush, and carries at the end of his whip, a little hammer, with which when on horseback in winter, (as is sometimes the case, even in these latter times, when steam-boats and stage-coaches have superseded saddle-horses, and thus, at least in the country, almost ruined the saddlers) he knocks off the snow-balls from the feet of his horse, and without the trouble of dismounting.

He prides himself upon his good manners, upon never going into the meanest hovel in the land, without pulling off his hat; and thinks that the *rich* are entitled to at least *as much deference*. He loves this his *adopted* country, but laments to see in it too often, this mark of the want of good breeding ; and insists upon calling man or boy who shows it, a *clown*.

Above most things, he admires in man or woman, rich or poor, *fine teeth* ; and asserts that our deficiencies in this country, are not so much owing to climate as neglect. As to his own children, he compels the little ones to accustom themselves to the use of a tooth-brush, even before they have

shed the first set, that they may acquire the habit. He approves of most that is now doing for the rising generation, regrets that parents themselves are so much in the rear, and avers that the forwardness and want of respect sometimes shown now-a-days by children to their elders, is a good deal owing to the real superiority of the younger race ; for this he suggests a remedy ; that like a good race-horse who is for ever in training, till he has let down a sinew, or is otherwise disabled, no man or woman should consider their education as finished, till they are compelled to retire from the course.

Above all, my old friend the Book-Merchant is a sincere *Christian* ; and says, that a man without religion, is like a poor fish thrown from the water upon the land, blind, struggling for life, and his own natural element, without being able to find it ; that the Christian religion has laid the foundation of this free government, which has done more for the *labourer*, than every thing else.

THE BOOK-MERCHANT

CONTINUED.

WHEN I last saw my old friend the Book-Merchant, I was desirous to know what most attracted his attention, as a stranger, when he first arrived at New-York. "Oh the *liberty*, the *liberty*, it was that! no guns, no bayonets, no passports, no leave asked to go or come"—"But what did you see," said I, "that was *curious*?"—"Sir," replied he, "if you had been in London in former times, one of the first things that would have caught your eye, must have been the sign of the *Bull and Gate*, and you would have wondered what it meant. The story is, that our great wife-killer, Henry the eighth, after having besieged and taken Boulogne in France, brought off, as a trophy, one of the city gates. In the lapse of years, the London people forgot their history, and the French have since been told, that old Harry took off with him a *Bull* as well as a *Gate*. Just so it is here, the first thing that we *young* strangers look at is the *signs*, and I saw 'Cash Store,' 'Cash Store.'—"Ay," said I to myself, 'here is a *Broker's* office, I will exchange my doubloons and English guineas for paper money:' so I walked in without knocking, and found my mistake, it being a *Dry Goods Store*. 'Sir,' said I to the master of the

tenement, 'I thought this was a cash store, a broker's office, or something in that way.' To this he replied, 'It is a *cash* store; that is, we sell goods for cash alone, and not on a credit.' I begged his pardon, bade him good morning, and have since got to understand by my acquaintance with the country, the difference between *cash* and *credit*, to rich, as well as poor; and that a poor man, who adopts '*cash*' for his *watch* word, is a sentinel that may be trusted.

In my last interview with my old friend, he was surrounded by his books in a country bar-room, and told me that he found the business good, constantly improving, but added he, "too many of our people are wretchedly ignorant, they cannot show a single good book on their shelves, and even those who do purchase, buy an *enormous proportion of trash*. But what can I do? Mine would be a miserable business, if I had nothing to dispose of, except bibles and sermons. Only think," said he, "of the present state of learning and the price of books, compared with what it was in ancient times. There was Du Guesclin, constable of France, in the fourteenth century, the greatest man in the state, he could neither read nor write. Alfred the Great complained, that from the Humber to the Thames, there was not a priest who understood the liturgy in his mother tongue. The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of the homilies of Haimon, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of

rye and millet ; all which you may see in the first volume of Dr. Robertson's history of Charles V. This," said he, "is my *adopted* country ; I love it, for I have long been here. We call ourselves the most *enlightened* people in the world, (you see how easily the *foreign* scion is engrafted) but I could wish that we always permitted others to say that for us. We have every thing here upon a *grand* scale ! not only is it, in our opinion, *grand*, but we must call it *grand*. Oh that these people could see the wall of China ! but a wall can't be compared to a canal for *usefulness*. I know more than one lady, who now has her hands in a batch of pies, or overlooks the putting up of her hams, after the best Virginia style, and then is seated by the side of her daughter, not seven years old, teaching the French *irregular verbs*, or intellectual arithmetic out of Mr. Colburn.

"That," said he, "we may boast of ; that is useful ; an *American* sight ; the happy union of knowledge and labour ; call it *grand* if you will : some silly people call it vulgar ; but they will have to find out that the fashion of this world passeth away." "There," said my old friend, "is the *Domestic Encyclopedia*, full at once of the useful and the agreeable. Whether it has been worked off by steam or horse-power, I can't say ; but it is very cheap, as I sell it for five dollars, worth twenty of any man's money, and a good investment too." After turning out book after book, and going to the very bottom of one of his boxes, he observed, "here is a book in the

best of company, just where it should be, lying alongside of '*Smith's Wealth of Nations*'—*Say's Political Economy*.' Of this work I sell a few copies at Middlebury College, Union College, Hamilton College, and occasionally one to a country library. I think it but fair to know something of all the books which I sell and recommend to others to buy ; for that reason I have dipped a little into Say : Political Economy being a subject with which I was not familiar, and have found that it looked harder to understand, than in fact it was ; as my little daughter, twelve years of age, said to me one day, after having got into the midst of the diagrams in the conversations on Natural Philosophy. "Indeed," said he, "I find learning like stringing beads ; it is a very fumbling sort of work, at first, but after a while, like ideas in the mind, they string on very fast, and very easily. I am of opinion, after having read Say, that your countrymen understand the best part of his book, without having in fact perused a word of it." "How so?" said I, with some surprise. "They have obtained it from very high and very ancient authority. Do you know that they are great *honey eaters* ? Now your countrymen insist upon taking the bible altogether, and construing it *liberally*, as the lawyers say, which I should suppose the true way of construing all writings. Solomon says, 'My son, eat thou honey, because it is good, and the honey-comb, which is ~~sweet~~ to thy taste.' I have been in Italy, at Naples ; have seen there, men and women,

when the garbage was thrown from the yards into the streets, collect about it, like dogs around a carrion. God only knows, how those will be forgiven who have brought these wretches into such a condition. Now sir, you may rest assured, that wherever the people eat *honey* there is *bread* enough, and to spare, which I understand to be a *great point* in Political Economy. "But," said he, "I do not think *Say* just the kind of book for the people of America to understand; still I am sure, now that they are no longer in fear of the Indians, have beautified their lands, and settled forever (I hope) the old grudge with my countrymen, which cost so many tears, long since dried up; that many of them are able and have leisure to comprehend the subject. I could wish, therefore, that we had now, a popular work on *American Political Economy*, written expressly for *the people*."

I could wish also that we had another work written for the people, wherein the writer should, among other things, advise them to establish an *Order of Merit*; and as the Chinese choose their Mandarins, select for public men such out of all classes as are most distinguished for virtue and wisdom; and if you please, according to the fashion in China, after a public examination of their qualifications; and wherein also the writer should set forth and show in the very first chapter, (a point upon which multitudes among us are wretchedly ignorant,) the inestimable worth and importance of *man*, compared with any other production of nature; that she, however, in his formation has in this, as every

thing else, shown her uncontrolled power ; sometimes producing those who are above all price, at others such as would be dearly bought at the lowest ; and that the people should not degrade themselves by bestowing their high honours on men, whose mercenary services entitle them to no better return than that which Louis XIV. bestowed on one of his subjects. As the story goes, a peasant had raised one of the most extraordinary *turnips* that was ever seen. Who should eat it but a king ? And who should pay a handful of gold for it, but so great a king ? This happy man had a landlord, whose ears the story of the turnip and gold had reached, and whose good fortune it was to possess one of the finest horses in ' beautiful France.' Now," said he, " if a turnip be worth so much gold, how much more gold must my horse be worth ?" This king, it is asserted, had a spy-glass, by which he could, unobserved, read the thoughts ; and while this man's eyes were glistening at the expected sight of louis-d'ors, the monarch presented to him, instead of that bright coin, the *turnip* ! Now, in one of my works for the people, I would show them that the main design of great men in their political quarrels in these *happy* times is, to make balloons of them, that they may ride high, and see the world at small expense ; and that my *order of merit*, composed of laborious, honest, intelligent public servants, would be the first order known in the world, and the most glorious spectacle ever seen ; besides, that it would save the people from falling down and worshipping one of the meanest

and most contemptible of all the false gods, that ever was worshipped, *money*, a danger to which they are greatly exposed.

My old friend, in the interview I have mentioned, being on the point of packing up his books for departure, said, "These books are some good, some good for nothing. The good ones are, to an ignorant being, like light in a dungeon to a prisoner; and this puts me in mind of a man whom I saw in the jail at Hudson last week. I had a curiosity to see the inside of the prison, and went in with the turnkey. There were two men in the jail confined for different offences; a Frenchman, who spoke English well, with a keen black eye, that showed intelligence, and a dull, heavy-looking man, who lay extended on the floor. The former having understood that I had books to sell, said to me, 'Sir, I am an innocent but unhappy man: you can relieve me, if it be but for a few hours. I want a *book*, some entertainment in the dreary hours of night.' I did not, nor could I refuse him so slight a favour. As I was about leaving the prison, I asked what was the employment of his fellow-prisoner. 'Sir,' said he, 'my companion is but poor society for me, for having never learned to read, he actually sleeps eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; while I, having no other employment, braid rings of hair for the young girls in the neighbourhood.'

THE BOOK-MERCHANT


CONTINUED,

With some notice of the American Revolution.

WHEN I commenced this history of my old friend, I informed the reader, that if I was not mistaken, I saw him pass my window at the moment I was writing. Believing this to be the case, I changed my hat and coat; put on my clean shoes, as is much the fashion in these northern states when a man goes abroad into the village where he can be seen. I always have my eyes open to observe any change in the fashions of the times, and upon going into the inn, observed the landlord putting up in neat print, a label with these words: "*No drinking to excess will be allowed in this bar-room.*" "Oh," said I to the landlord, "is this the way you put out your own fires?" "Sir," he replied, "the whole world is on fire; and I am actually afraid that some fellow will one of these nights, burn up by internal combustion, and set fire to my house."*

* The reader may see a curious notice on this subject of internal combustion in Trotter's Treatise on Drunkenness.

As I turned from the landlord, I saw in one corner of the room my old friend, seated upon one of his boxes, and lifting the lid from another to show his books; as a man in a dark room, hoists the window and opens the shutters, to let in the light. We shook hands, for no man considers a salutation as fairly made till that is done. "Here am I," said he, (the room being crowded with loungers and travellers,) "at my old trade, 'scattering pearls before swine.'" Putting his hand upon the first book, "here is the labour of a friend, I know him well: he is one of the most industrious creatures in the world, and never delays so long to clean his lamp, that the sediment in it puts out his light, and compels him to go to bed before his time. A truly useful, honourable, American work, the '*American Farmer*,' by my friend Mr. Skinner of Baltimore; published there as a weekly paper, and now bound into these volumes. What an ornament on the book-shelves of a farmer! Yes, as beautiful as the *tortoise-shell* combs which his daughters wear: perhaps they are *turtle*, or *imitation* if you will; but none the worse for that to my eyes as they grow a little dim and I am unable to tell the difference. Have you never seen these combs towering above the framework at the cotton-mills at Chelmsford, in your state? If I had held William Tell's arrow, I could have taken off a hundred of their tops without touching a hair of the head, so neatly was it arranged. Do you think you would see so many neat modest girls at Manchester, in my native

country? Oh! , you would not. I admire these combs, because they keep the head in beautiful order. Besides, I have an old cat, she is one of the most brilliant creatures in the world. If I pass her ten times in the day, I can't but stop and look at her. Her colour is true tortoise-shell. This book would not only be an ornament, but to a real farmer, worth the money, and ten times as much; but it goes off very heavily—I can hardly get the agricultural societies to buy it.

“Here you have another agricultural book, ‘Memoirs of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society,’ edited by Mr. John Hare Powel, of Philadelphia, who is devoting his fine fortune to that subject upon which Xenophon delivered lectures at Scillus, to which place he was banished. Agriculture, of which Cicero says that ‘nothing in this world is better, more useful, more agreeable, more worthy of a free man;’ and of which Pliny, in assigning the causes for the plenty of corn in ancient times, observes, that ‘it was because men then ploughed their fields with the same diligence that they pitched their camps, and secured their crops with the same care that they formed their armies for battle.’ Turning over a plate in the last mentioned book, “here,” said he, “look at those *sheep*: the very sight of them will warm you:” and then another, “here are Mr. Hare’s short-horned Durhams.* See from their shape,

* Having seen more of the Devonshire, than of the short-horned, Durhams, I shall not pretend to decide the point between Col. Pickering, and Mr. Hare.

‘how they must tallow in the call, and cut up in the kidneys!’ Had your countryman, Mr. Fisher Ames lived to this day, I am sure that these symptoms of prosperity and fine taste would have prolonged his life; for they say that his body always fed upon his mind; and they say of him too, that when he visited his friends at Springfield, in your state, that he used to take a seat at the window of the village inn, to observe the fine cows as they returned from the pastures at night, that are so much remarked there, and exclaim, ‘Here are the riches of my country—not a ‘tincture of milk,’ but *cream* in your coffee: just observe, now, I can smell that cow’s breath at this distance; it is as fragrant as a geranium.*’

Mr. Ames loved his country, and agriculture; if he was among us now, he would advise the rich idle young men about the towns, who have no higher employment of their time than the training of race-horses, and *teaching the people to game*, to quit Jamaica plains, and resort to agriculture—the true antidote to such insignificance. And he would recommend to his country friends, upon seeing any symptoms of amendment on their part, to take up these young men, make much of them, send them into their public assemblies,

* If any lady who cultivates geraniums, thinks this an exaggeration, I can assure her that it is not. The rose is not sweeter than the cow’s breath.

and thus give them a taste for nobler occupations.*

The room being cold, my old friend turned away from his boxes to the fire to warm his fingers, with one book in his left hand, and a small bundle of books in the right. "Here," said he, showing the former, "is a book for which I have a great sale : a history of the most *Remarkable Shipwrecks* that ever took place ; and I have another in my box, *Remarkable Trials*, for robbery, murder, crim. con., &c. Now this trash I can sell ; I wish the people were as hungry for

* That virtuous man, Fouché, who lived in a court, where the code of morals *made a fault worse than a crime*, says, "That he had the address to make it universally believed, that wherever four persons were assembled, there in his pay were eyes to see, and ears to hear ;" and states also in his memoirs, "that Perrien paid fourteen millions yearly as superintendent of the gaming houses in France. That, notwithstanding all that had been said against gaming, reflecting and decided men must allow, that in the actual state of society, the legal converting of vice into a profit, is a necessary evil." It is certainly curious, but not less true, that all *barbarians* have been addicted to gaming, in one form or another. *Tacitus*, in his "Manners of the Germans," says, "They are addicted to dice, without the excuse of liquor ; they put their liberty and persons upon the last hazards of the die ; the loser yields himself to slavery ; he submits to be chained, and exposed to sale. They call themselves men of honour." In the "Adventures of a *Guinea*," we learn that dice level all distinctions. There are some amusing anecdotes of *our* race-courses, which show, that the same happy equality reigns there. The gentlemen at Baltimore relate the story.

my good books, as some men's noses are for snuff.

They had a story in the newspapers in London, that some lord, I don't remember his name, but who was a great snuff-taker, offered a native of one of the Pacific Islands, (I think Otaheite,) who was brought to London, and introduced as a show in great parties there, his snuff-box, which the savage declined, assuring his lordship that his nose was not *hungry*." Then, holding up the books in his other hand, "Here are these tied up together, and so they will remain; sick folks hate medicine; I might as well offer water to a patient in the hydrophobia, as Drs. Lettsom, Trotter, and Rush, to the drunkards."

"After all," said my friend, "though we come on slowly, even in this respect, I think, we are improving. Look," said he, "here is an instance before our eyes, a *tavern without a flip-iron*! I travelled through this country just after I arrived in America, long, very long ago, and then the people told me that they never allowed the flip-iron* to grow cold during the winter months. Only think for a beverage—a composition of beer, sugar, and spirits, with a hot iron in the can, till the mixture sparkled, frothed,

* Flip, I believe, was a New-England beverage, though derived from their ancestors. Dr. Johnson's definition of it is correct, except that he leaves out the *hot iron*, without which, no flip can be made in New-England.

and foamed, like a glass of soda water, only with a richer head ! It looked fine, I confess, but it was the eye that was deceived : for a more detestable compound for the stomach, and its twin-brother, the brain, was never invented. I am not sure that new rum, and cider-brandv, can be worse."

Then, casting upon me his benevolent eye, which always glistened, and grew brighter and brighter as he discoursed upon the improvements of this happy country. "Oh," said he, "you and I came into the world too soon by fifty years. I have a friend who has just arrived from France and Italy ; he is young, enthusiastic, and full of energy, and says, that in twenty years, the *grape* and the *olive* shall flourish in Maryland, and wine become as cheap in America as it is in France. Mr. Adlum, in the District of Columbia, has made already, as I hear, very fine wine. I dream, and even hope, that then the people of these states will drink like gentlemen, as they do in France ;* for I see not why, by the constitution of nature, a cold climate should make drunkards. The children are all sober, and the women generally so. Then the more potent spirits will have their proper uses ; for God doubt-

* Nothing can be more ill-judged, than our high duty on common wines. Reformation is the work of generations. Governments in all their acts should show, that they have a thorough conviction, that nothing is so fatal to their prosperity as the vices of the people.

THE BOOK-MERCHANT.

less intended them for good—and very good they are, when taken in moderation; and then, too, we shall not dread the unlading of a cargo from the West-Indies, as we do now, a ship freighted with gunpowder.”

Our discourse continuing, we turned from the fire to the boxes. “Here,” said he, “is Cobbett’s *Cottage Economy*, which shows how my good countrymen at home live, and ought to live. An excellent book to be read in America. Though cottages are few in number here, the *cottage virtues* are the same in substance every where. Economy; a subject little understood here, I think, and less practised, but no way inconsistent with your proud republican birth. I delight to see your people glory in their good hats, cloaks, and coats, for it is genuine republican livery; but then, ‘the coat according to the cloth,’ as poor Richard says. The fact is, you know little of *our economical ways*. I have an aunt living with me who is one of the most economical creatures in the world; generous, too, and one of the best housekeepers. She says that she can never get these American girls in the kitchen to save either the liver or eggs of a *fat* hen; but that they throw them away as a part of the ‘*innards*.’ Whenever there is one served upon my table, and the fowl is carved, she crosses her knife and fork, lets fall her hands into her lap, with ‘there it is again, the eggs and liver thrown into the yard! I wish these American girls had to live in London a single year—they would learn a better economy.’”

We were here interrupted by the appearance of an old acquaintance, whom observing as he entered and passed towards the fire, I remarked to my friend, "There is a man of the *Revolution*; as I know you are curious to get any anecdotes in regard to it, we will endeavour to draw him into conversation." He, taking the hint, we both made for the fire also. I of course exchanged the usual salutation with my townsman; as these, however, vary in different countries, the reader may desire to know what they are in *New-England*, and in most of these states. In this free and equal country, manners follow the character of the institutions; and this greeting seldom occurs between two persons after any considerable interval of intercourse, however elevated the rank of the one, and humble that of the other, that mutual inquiries are not made, in regard to the health and welfare of the respective children, wives, and families of the parties. Rare and impertinent as it may be in Europe, to ask a great man how his wife and children do, here it is one of the *privileges*, perfectly well established, and older than the *revolution*. This salutation, as I have mentioned, having passed, I made my townsman acquainted with my friend, informing him that he was an Englishman who had been naturalized, had lived long among us, and who had a considerable stock of books to sell. At the word *Englishman*, I saw that my townsman the *major*, for that was his *title*, curled his lip, and bridled up a little, but not so much so as to be observed

by a ~~man~~ who did not know him as well as I. The ~~man~~ is a man of the old school ; the pride, the fashions, the heat of the revolution, will stick to him till the day of his death. He wears his hair in a large twisted club, carries his head so loftily, that a perpendicular from the tip of his nose will strike his knee-pan ; says that he knows that England is full of *good folks* ; that he has buried the hatchet, and he hopes for ever—but in a corner of his cellar, where it can be found, if necessary.

“ Sir,” said I to the *Major*, “ my friend here is very desirous to collect every interesting anecdote in his power in regard to the *Revolution* ; suppose you let us into those times a little.”

“ As to that, sir, I am an old man, and have an old man’s memory ; but I can no more forget it than that I have read the bible, or was married.

“ We, sir,” addressing my friend, (the blood starting to his cheeks and the tip of his nose) “ were *crowded on*, treated like *underlings* ; they refused us half the road ; the old saying, ‘ live and let live,’ was as just then, as now. The revolution came upon us of a sudden, as a great tempest of wind, hail, and rain does, and we not prepared for it ; the forked lightning flashing in our eyes, while our windows were open, our cattle unhoused, our children not returned from play in the streets. To be sure, we had talked the matter over a good deal among ourselves, and had told the women that the ‘ sky was red and lowering,’ but they would not believe that their own flesh

would come here to murder men, women, and children, and had nothing ready, neither ~~but~~ nor bandages to stop the blood."

Here the speaker checking and interrupting himself, said to my friend, "Sir, I beg your pardon, I hope no offence, sir; I forgot that you was an *Englishman*; but I recollect now that it was mentioned that you had engrafted yourself on our stock; so I suppose you will forgive me, sir, for the thoughts of the revolution stir the old blood in my veins, a little of which is still remaining. I know not much of its history, after all. One thing I remember, that some people preferred *salt* to *powder*.

"In the year 1777, Burgoyne came down from the *northward*. It seemed to us here, that he would march through the *hearts of us*; there was hardly a word spoken; we looked at each other, and the women looked at us, their eyes only demanding the news; but there was little more said, than whether the *Committee* had received despatches, for we had no government but that of our heads and hearts; *the Committee was all*. In those times we were *kind* to each other; there is good even in war, bad as it is; for though enemies be bitter, friends are close. While the alarm created by the approach of Burgoyne was abroad, there were not men enough, by half, left in the fields to take care of the crops.

"I remember I went one morning, single-handed, into a large meadow to cut the grass. At sunrise I was joined by a dozen of my towns-

men, who had given me no notice of their intentions. It was the day on which the battle of Benning was fought, not fifty miles from us ; we heard the death-roar distinctly, and said little to each other that day. On the day following, my bay all standing in the cock, I was summoned by the committee, and with seventeen others, ordered to that place. We shouldered our guns and knapsacks, mounted our horses, and when we arrived at ———, the news came that Baum was defeated. Do you remember, sir, when the sun came out from behind the great eclipse ? It was like that ! The men laughed, the women laughed, the children laughed—so many happy creatures I never saw.

“ On our way, at ———, we heard the story of a Vermont captain, I never knew his name, but it should be written on the walls of the houses. As soon as he was told that the fold was broken into below, he came down from the mountains as bold as a lion ; his men in uniform with their *bayonet* coats ; they were blue coats, with red facings, and came to a point almost at the heels. He arrived in the hottest of the fight, and halted in the skirt of a wood. ‘ Now,’ said he, ‘ my men, the women will hear the story—the children will tell it ! wipe off the sweat—here’s the canteen—it may be the last drink—for we have a great *chore* to do up to-day.’

“ General Starks sent a messenger to the captain, ordering him to a certain point. To which he replied, ‘ I won’t go ; we are all ready to fight,

for we come on *business*, but I won't go before I see Colonel Warner—him I *know*.' Col. Warner was despatched. 'Now,' said the captain, 'Colonel Warner we are glad to see you; from not knowing much about such matters, we thought that false signs might be held out, and that thus we might mistake the *colours*—only lead us into the *hottest* of it.' Into the hottest of it these brave fellows were led, and the next day, many a heavy and red eye was seen on those mountains.

"The day after we returned from ———, where, as I told you, we heard of the defeat of Baum, I was summoned again by the committee, and with the seventeen others, ordered to the army at Stillwater, my hay still standing and rotting in the cock. All complied, for no one then thought of disobeying the committee; and when we had arrived at the mountain, which you see here at the west, a message was despatched to me, and I was directed to take my cart and four oxen, (my team being the best in the town) and repair to Boston, to get our town's share of a quantity of *salt*, that had just come in, prize; the whole cargo being divided among the several towns in the state. My hired-man arrived that night from a journey to Connecticut. I gave him the option of going to Boston, or going to take Burgoyne; luckily for me, he preferred *salt* to *powder*, and thus I had the pleasure, as one of the militia, of seeing the *British stack their arms*."

Here my townsman was suddenly called to the door, and to our regret we saw him get into his waggon, and leave the inn.

"Oh," said my friend, "how could my countrymen be so insane! The story of those times is worth telling; it will be remembered a good while; we have not seen the end yet; the eggs laid then are not yet all hatched; to oppressors they will prove crocodiles' eggs; and may God have mercy on such, for all the misery they are bringing on the world!

"To return to my books," continued he, "I have been telling you a long story about them, for we pedlers must talk, as well as walk and ride;" but, (in an under tone) "though I have been addressing you, I have been, in fact, talking at these people in the room. Here, sir, is one of my little pearls, Dr. Franklin's '*Poor Richard*,' and here is one of my *great* ones, the life of the Author; by which I see, that even he, eminent as he was, had some errors to correct in the *proof* sheet. These two are my antidotes to *debt and usury*. I wish, however, that the Legislatures would abolish these *usury laws*; they are mere relicts of barbarism, and serve to make hard-hearted rogues among the little pettifogging attorneys. As to the real generous lawyers, I admire them; they are *true game*, and will fight for you, while they can stand.

"I like them for another cause, they have generally been on the side of liberty, which is my side, for two reasons: one is, I prefer it; another, that in the end, I think it will be the *strongest* side. But as for those others, I don't like hard names, but did you ever see a cruel boy skin an eel alive?"

Then lifting up several large octavos, and disclosing a small book beneath, "Here," said he, "like a true boy, I save my best orange to the last; here is a universal book, the *Life of old Cornaro*, the noble Venetian. I call it universal, because it is well adapted to rich and poor, learned or unlearned. Here, sir, is a book for twenty-five cents, a little volume of wisdom, the *life of old Cornaro*, who at the age of forty, being nearly worn out by dissipation and the gratification of irregular passions, determined from that period to live wisely, to live like a Christian; who declared at the age of *ninety-one*, that the world looked more and more beautiful, he having repaired his health and his fortune by the profits and pleasures of agriculture, aided by the advice of that most famous of all *French* physicians, 'Diet.'

"You remember the story, I suppose. A French physician, of great celebrity, had prolonged his life to an extreme old age, but upon his death-bed, while his friends were expressing to him their lamentations, and deploring the loss of so great a physician—"Oh," said he, "my friends, I leave you a wiser and a better *La Diète*."

"Well, sir, old Cornaro says, that at *ninety-one*, his eyes, his hearing, and his *teeth* were good. Oh! the *teeth*, the *teeth*! to have grinders at ninety! like old Cornaro's, that will saw off a boy's finger in a second, instead of stumps at forty, no two meeting, a man being obliged to eat with crow-bills in his mouth like a squirrel! See what need an American has for teeth; he prides himself

upon his good wholesome food ; it makes the difference between rich and poor people ; not *spoon-victuals* alone, nor black bread cooked in the ashes ; but a good round loaf baked in the oven ; and then as a relish by its side, turkeys, ducks, and geese ; beef, ham, and pork steaks !—As the selling of books enables me to take rank, either among the pedlers or men of education, as I choose, I am enabled to see the world upon a great and a small scale ; and I assure you, that among the poor and middling classes, strange as you may deem it, there is as much misery produced by the diseases of *the teeth*, as by any other form of malady whatever.

“ Why, sir, it was no longer ago than yesterday, that a very celebrated country physician informed me, that the wretchedness of the people in this particular made a *great item* in his practice. He stated that he had that moment visited a woman who had suffered more than tongue could tell, both in body and mind for three months in succession, by reason of an ulcer in her gums, produced, no doubt, by neglect ; that she was a poor widow, had four children, and that God only could tell how they had subsisted all that time. I see such an amount of misery in the world, produced by *mere ignorance*, that could we succeed in driving away even a portion of this, it would, as old Cornaro says, ‘ look more and more beautiful.’ Wherever I go, therefore, I recommend the introduction of *tooth-brushes* among the household-gods ; for if they were universal, the price

would be but half of what it is; the tendency of the arts being, to make cheap whatever is in great demand. But I confess to you, that I have another reason. Did you see that bright-eyed boy among the travellers who have just left us, with his nose in his father's dinner box? Now, in my native country, we can pretty well tell who will fall heir to the crown; but no mortal can foresee who will be the next *American king*! and I was saying to myself, as the boy cast his keen glances upon the people in the room, 'here now is a young Adams, or Jackson, or Crawford; it is a pity that his mother don't give him a tooth-brush, for if he become President, he will be sorry not to be willing to show his teeth, certainly to all the enemies of America!' I would have the poor imitate the rich in all things suitable and becoming their condition; now if you go into a *well-regulated* boarding-school, one of the first commands of the mistress in the morning is, 'Miss, show me your teeth.'*

My friend having made sale of several books in the pauses of our conversation, and more than he expected, here shut down the lids of his boxes; told me that the time for his departure had arrived, and that he had no reason to regret having halted in our village. "There," said he, as the lid of the last fell, "I have extinguished my lamp! but see how many other good books there are in

* The reader will regret to learn, that this command is not so often given as needed.

the world, and how little light I have been able to shut out, just by closing that single box of books. Do the great monarchs of the world expect by turning out the boys, barring the doors of schools, and colleges, and strutting before the sun, to cast a shade over the whole world? No, it can't be—light is of such a nature that it will creep in through the shutters, the key holes, every crevice. In the dark regions of the world, men are now so much in earnest, that they will even read by *moon-light*.” “We,” added he, “can be of more service to our unhappy fellow-creatures elsewhere, by showing them how much we can do for ourselves in this free country, than in any other way. The story of what we do, and are, is spreading far and wide—is told in huts and hovels in Europe, where the bread is so black and the fuel so scarce, that you can see nothing of the like kind here. The thought of these things, when I look about upon this fine land, perhaps makes me a little enthusiastic; or perhaps it is in part owing to my occupation as a *Book-Merchant*; and that, like a good hound, my scent grows keener the longer the chace continues. I must say, however, much as I admire this, my adopted country, that I desire to see many things otherwise than they are. Only think of our *riches* and *opportunities*! For the *riches*, observe how the people live on these hills: for the *opportunities*, consider the *society* to which they are entitled: and what society is to a man!—The Spanish proverb has it. ‘He who never goes into society, never learns any thing.

In Europe, the more a man differs from the people, the more he is respected. It is not quite so here. I sir, even I, plain man as I am, with the aid of my white-topped boots, and a clean shirt, though a retailer of books, am in kings' company, whenever I please. For that purpose, however, when travelling, I observe one rule; and that is, to gain the favour of the *tavern-keepers*. They are, here, passport enough for any man. I could not help observing this a few months ago. I was at Baltimore, and staid at the great hotel kept by Barnum, and an excellent one it is too. Mr. Barnum and I were sitting by the fire, and he was telling me the story of his having been burnt out while he kept the *Exchange*, at Boston. The fire was raging in his garret at the very moment that a friend was advising him to make an insurance. 'Only think,' said he, 'I was shipwrecked in *port*, for there was an *Insurance Office* under my own roof. In one hour the whole fabric was in ruins.' 'But,' said Barnum, 'I am on my legs again: these Baltimoreans have made much of me: they are a fine hospitable people, and I am now building the *first* hotel in America. I wish you would look at it: I am going there this minute, with General Bernard of the army: you have heard of him, no doubt. He was one of Napoleon's generals—came to America, I think in 1817, and is a most intelligent and respectable man. I will *introduce* him to you.' I had seen the general on board the steam-boat the day before, on our way to Baltimore, and had quite an itching to talk with

him; but being young when I came to this country, my *English* prejudices are too often uppermost. The words stuck in my throat, for the want of an *introduction*. At this moment General Bernard entered, and a single word or two from Mr. Barnum placed us on the walk, side by side, in our way to his new hotel; where, while he was overlooking the workmen, I enjoyed, for a full hour, the society of the general. We discoursed variously—about *Architecture*. He told me that the Battle-Monument in Baltimore would be admired at Paris. *About the habits of our people*:—‘Sir,’ said he, ‘your countrymen are too much in a *hurry*. In France the bricks are always wet before they are put up; but here I can never get it done in the public works. *About the industry of his own countrymen*. The masons often after spending the warm months in the country at their trade, come to Paris in the *winter* to *weave*; they are as industrious, sir, as the women in Flanders, who go to their milking with their pails on their heads, and their knitting in their hands.’ ‘We had,” said my friend, “much other conversation, which I need not relate; but from this you will see how easy it is for frogs to creep into kings’ houses. This is what I call *society*.”

“Now, sir, *my books* too, are *society*. To be sure, generally of dead men; but that is next to talking with a living man—in some respects better; for the *dead man’s* conversation is usually more solemn, and many foolish things that would otherwise be said to serve a turn, are left out of it. It is

with good books as though a man were to send you a letter of direction from the other world, to tell you how you may get there : he would not be apt to put you on a wrong road. What can a man know who lives alone, without society, without books, whose talk is with his cattle only ? Multitudes, multitudes of such there are. I have many more books than I have mentioned to you ; some on *gardening*. Look at the *gardens* in this country : do you call them *gardens* ? I should like to see more refinement. Had I the instruction of the people, they should leave out some of their present wants, and substitute others in their places. There is time and money enough : wants produce works—eternal industry—the more wants the more wealth : there would be none the less wheat and corn under my system of education, nor less economy. It is the *rich* and not the *poor*, who understand *economy*. They have studied the thing, and a good deal out of my books too. Do you know that, sir ? In all good gardening there are *fruits*. Now these fruits generally require little *cooking or dressing*. Who puts butter upon a peach or green gage ? This I call economy. Then too, the value of the fruits to the *sick*. Have you never seen the poor, diseased, feverish eye, glisten at the sight of grapes, or a peach ? These fruits raise men from the grave : ask the *wise* physicians, they will tell you so. I wish that the women here, taking example from a lady who lives not a thousand miles from New-Brunswick, in New-Jersey, would cut the runners of the strawberry, trim the

grape, and *engraft* the rose. Then when the flower should be cropped, she might show it in the windows of her kitchen and her dairy. It would look very gracefully there : besides, it would help to amuse her children, for all children love flowers, as you may have observed in the towns, where, when the boys or girls return on a holiday from an excursion into the neighbouring woods, loaded with wild flowers, the cry from the little ones along the street is, ' give *me* one, give *me* one, do give *me* one.'

" My books, and the cultivation of the apple, the grape, the peach, the strawberry, the rose, (having respect to the climate,) take the mind off from grosser things. These beauties of the intellect, and of nature, lead it to God and to duty. They produce *temperance*, and in this way we begin a religious education when reason first dawns. Now, however, the passions of the youth, are *premature* for the want of proper food and drink, which is a small part of education here let me say, and for the want of wholesome, intellectual nutriment—they *burst out before their time*. These youth should know every fact as to their *physical nature*, as soon as they can comprehend it : much of their misery now is owing to ignorance and imbecility of mind ; and this too arises from our manner of treating them. What God has established as a part of *nature*, they should know as early as possible. Now we make to them *mystery*, what to us is plain. The fire that consumes them in after life, is kindled early :

it is but a spark : it is a rot begun in the young wood, and therefore is not seen. These passions drive them to the usual social gratifications at the bottle, or at the brothel, or to that which is worse—*more debasing, more destructive.*” Here, casting upon me an inquiring eye, and seeing that I understood him, he proceeded—“*You understand me, I see. It is youthful suicide ; I have known several such suicides. Doctor Hunter, our great surgeon and anatomist, treats of it : but not as I should, with my knowledge upon the subject, nor as Tissot or Boerhaave have. I have a copy of Tissot upon this subject, there, in one of my boxes. It is in French, though the work has been translated I think, by a Mr. Hume. I have a son, at thirteen years of age ; with proper previous instruction and preparation of his mind, I put this part of Tissot’s works into his hands. No delicacy should prevent a parent from giving these instructions to both male and female. They may save the child from being cut off in the flower of youth by disease ; the seeds of which were sown, he knows not when. For when such diseases appear, the child will not speak of the cause ; or perhaps he does not know it ; for who can tell when, just where, or how early, the worm makes its lodgment that causes the fruit to rot, wither and die? The pious Catholic, in his prayer book, has warned the child against this self-destruction ; and do we call it a religious education, to let him drift on at hazard upon the great ocean of life, where*

there are false lights and colours to decoy him to destruction? Besides the work I have mentioned of Tissot's, he was the author of others. He wrote also '*Avis au peuple*;' advice to the people. He was a christian and patriot, and thought that the people were a portion of God's reasonable creatures; to be written for, and in such a way, that they could understand what was addressed to them. He wrote on *Health*, and how much is health to a man! With a robust frame, or shattered nerves, we have two souls.

"The *labouring man*—what can he do without health? With it, he whistles in the morning, instead of crawling to his work with sighs and groans. The rich have physicians, nurses, attendants, spacious apartments, and they have money, to enable them to travel, and thus put new and infant flesh upon their bones. But the *labourer*, and if he be poor withal, and has not health, is nothing: living on charity; a pauper, on the town, sent to the alms-house, begging a drawing of tea, a cup of rice, a load of wood to keep him from freezing! And yet, sir, the labourer knows not the *arts* of health. Much of his food and drink is uncongenial to his nature. It is therefore cruel and wicked for the educated people not to teach him this, and many more things."

Here my friend, not having appeared before to be aware of his protracted discourse, or of the warmth of manner which he had assumed, checked himself by observing, "I have held a long con-

versation with you about my books, for I have good ones on the various topics I have mentioned; and the time will come in these free countries, when the people will know much of what wise men think of many of these matters. That is a dream now, but many a dream has come to pass. There must be a great gulf of separation filled up first: at present, folly, pride, old fashions, worm-eaten superstitions keep them far asunder; but both parties are now at this work, and when it is completed, as far as the nature of things admits, then, sir—what then? They will all clap hands and rejoice together!”

The moment had now arrived for our taking leave. Before we parted, he remarked, “I have a small original work which I think of publishing, and beg the favour of first submitting it to you for inspection.” Having nodded assent, our interview closed.

A SHORT SERMON.

Reader,

My last interview with my friend the Book-Merchant closed as I have stated ; if I should continue to be of opinion that his good humour, sense, and benevolence will please thee, (not *gentle* reader, for that implies that my little book is principally intended for such as have not much else to do but read, which is not the case ;) then, should I meet him again, I will tell thee what more he shall say for our mutual instruction. In the mean time, do not let me hear you say that it is foolish to call him a Book-Merchant, that he is nothing but an American Book-Pedler, and that you don't believe the story because he is too wise, and knows too much for his occupation. Have you never seen a plant, or a tree, in a garden or field, with the same plowing, hoeing, and tillage, tower above the rest, so that it is shown as one of the wonders of nature ? Such is my friend the Book-Merchant among the pedlers. Good breed, proceeding, as he does, from the same *English* loins that you do, (now that the old family quarrel is settled to your liking, and we hope for ever, why keep up the grudge any longer ?) good education and good society in this free country have formed him as I have presented him to you. It is *you* that are silly, in having passed laws in some of the states, as in Massa-

chusetts, to prohibit the pedlers from selling books, because sometimes they have vended lascivious, mischievous ones; or perhaps because they have interfered with *the trade*.—No, let books circulate freely, the good will drive out the bad, just as fine grasses and beautiful plants, with proper cultivation, expel noxious weeds.

Reader, I must now bid you good night; wishing you as pleasing dreams and as sound sleep as that which old Cornaro enjoyed at *ninety-one*, by means of temperance, agreeable occupation, and a pure conscience. To-morrow being Saturday, I will endeavour to give you some wholesome advice, which may lead you to sober reflection on the following day, which should be well employed. This will be the seventh part of time, sacred to your mind and body; it is for you, and the beast that serves you. The ministers of religion stand with outstretched arms as your instructors; the wise and benevolent at the same time begin to open their books to teach you all virtuous things. This period, the seventh portion of your life, well spent in acquiring knowledge, which leads to God and to duty, makes you a new man; gives you opportunities which are not surpassed by many, whom you now envy for their superiority; and leaves you without any valid excuse for ignorance, vice, or brutal manners.

I write principally for the American labourer. His hands are hard, his skin burnt, his arm strong, like other labourers, but the profits of his work,

and his other privileges have here placed him in a new order of being and society. Here he selects his Representative in Congress, his Governor, his President; or he may become one of those personages himself. Had his birth been in other countries, in former times, and in some even now, he might have been a slave, a serf sold with the land and the cattle; as in Russia, one of the *mob* living upon fawning and favour; upon "What will your Honour please to have?" with the rim of his hat between his thumb and finger. If he had lived in the midst of Roman splendour, when Titus returned from ploughing down the walls of Jerusalem, he might have been a *gladiator*, and perhaps he may like to know what a gladiatorial show was.

These personal combats between man and man were exhibited in the most magnificent structures at Rome, as the Coliseum, reared by Vespasian and Titus; being five hundred and fifty feet in length, four hundred and seventy in breadth, in height one hundred and sixty, and which is supposed to have been able to contain eighty thousand persons.

The gladiators were originally chosen from among the captives in war, or malefactors; but when the encouragement became great, free persons adopted the employment; such were greatly rewarded for any uncommon act of bravery, pensions being granted to them. They fought with very various weapons; when wounded, the gladiator lowered his sword in token of submission, his doom then depending on the will of the spec-

tators ; who, females as well as others, pressed down the thumb, if death was decreed ; if life, it was held up. The former brutal signal was always given, whenever there was exhibited either the want of skill, or the want of a murderous courage. When killed or mortally wounded, the gladiator was dragged like a carrion dog, with a hook, from the arena ; and thrown into a common receptacle, provided for the carcasses of the slaughtered ; whilst the fortunate combatant, besmeared with gore, was crowned with palm.

The distinguished knights, patricians, magistrates, consuls, even ladies and emperors, attended these exhibitions ; the young nobility often, also, entering the lists, and contending as amateurs for the prizes. These combats sometimes made a portion of the festivity of private parties ; such as those evening assemblages, to which, at this period, we resort for the most innocent and rational pleasures of our nature. Ten thousand gladiators are said to have fought at Rome alone, during the celebration of Trajan's triumph over the Dacians. At length, after the space of nearly seven centuries, an end was put to these murderous exhibitions.

Labourer, any portion of history almost, may show you what uses have been made in all ages, of your ignorance, superstition, and base passions. You murdered honest John Huss ; not all the emperors and kings in the world, can murder any man in cold blood, without your assistance. Do you remember him ? He was born near Prague

in Bohemia, about the year one thousand, three hundred and seventy-six; condemned to death for freedom of discussion in the protestant cause, by the Council of Constance, in the year one thousand four hundred and fourteen; at which were assembled* archbishops and bishops, three hundred and forty-six; abbots and doctors, five hundred and sixty-four; princes, dukes, earls, knights, squires, sixteen thousand; *common women*, four hundred and fifty; *barbers*, six hundred; *musicians*, *cooks*, and *jesters*, three hundred and twenty! A noble assembly indeed! to condemn an honest man to death for opinion's sake, and then to lead him to the slaughter, with a paper cap on his head, painted with the forms of horrid devils, that he might by foretaste, while life yet lingered, endure the pangs of the infernal regions! When death had done its office, and there was no visible remnant of the sufferer but his hot ashes, these they gathered up, and spread upon the waters of the Rhine, that the earth, to use their mad language, "might not bear the weight of such enormous guilt."

Yes, labourer, though history does not name the man, it is certain, that out of the company upon that occasion collected, of *barbers*, *musicians*, *common women*, *cooks*, or *jesters*, you was chosen to paint the cap, plant the stake, fasten the chain, gather the faggots, put the fire, whose fierce flames drank up the life-blood of virtuous

* "Gilpin's Lives," p. 151.

John Huss; for had you stood up for him like men and Christians, the Rhine would have swallowed up the archbishops and bishops, abbots and doctors, the princes, dukes, earls, knights, squires, all, instead of his ashes. Yes, in every age of the world, if a murderous deed has been found necessary, that would soil a gentlemanly hand, yours has been selected.

Would Napoleon have ever beheld the fine sun that gilded the horizon on the morning of the day of the battle of Austerlitz, had not his eagles been borne before arms than his own? It was but a few short years since, at one o'clock, on the seventh day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three,* that you put to death in cold blood the unhappy Riego; his crime, that of having entered into a conspiracy with many other noble and generous spirits for the liberty of his country! Previous to his execution, you placed him in a dark chamber, with a table and a crucifix; you forced him to the place of execution upon a hurdle, drawn by an ass! Though exhausted by his sufferings, and trembling under the weight of his fetters, you compelled him to ascend a ladder to a lofty gibbet, where you hung him like a common felon, crying "Huzza for the absolute king for ever, the inquisition for ever, down with commerce!" then closing

* This statement is made upon the authority only of a newspaper account of that period, but which was supposed to be accurate.

the scene, by defacing in the church-yards with your sabres, the epitaphs of the constitutionists; first stopping at the graves of Sierra, Pamblei, and Landabura; from which you took the bodies, and tore them to pieces.

Yes, in every part of the world, kings, emperors, popes, bishops, gentlemen, have made use of you to carry on their detestable wars; in their service, for their ends, and not your own, you have fired houses, devastated fields, murdered children, and ripped up with your bayonets and sabres, the bodies of the wives of men, whose subsistence, like your own, came only from the sweat of the brow. Such you have been in other countries.

Even at this day, and in this happy land, if there be a cruel, vicious, vulgar, or useless employment, it is yours: you gaff the game cocks; you keep the doors of the cock pit; you groom the gentlemen's *game* horses; the lottery offices employ you for runners; and if you had the wings of the carrier-pigeon, for the same end would they beat the air:* there is no tumbling,

* *Lotteries*.—That this frightful source of vice and misery among the people should not only be tolerated, but receive the sanction of governments, in a country where there is certainly no want of good sense upon general subjects, would seem incredible. Now that they are discontinued in England, what will Mr. Peel, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Canning say for the innocence of the young republic? Our friends over the water have solid virtues after all. Mr. Walsh, in his letters on France, states, that a hundred suicides annually are

rope-dancing, or sword-eating, that your bones and sinews are not made to bend to it ; in town or

there attributed to the lotteries. Colquhoun, in his "*Police of the Metropolis*," has shown the frightful extent of the evil. New-York, to her everlasting honour, has in her amended constitution prohibited them. The lotteries, however, grah-
 ted in this state before the constitution was amended, still continue in existence, with what *right* deserves inquiry. But what can a single state do to eradicate the mischief, while other states send forth these poisons ? The plea for them is, that they are sources of *revenue* ! Can any policy be more wretched than to attempt to gain revenue from those very vices which governments create ? A committee in Parliament, as long since as 1808, used this language : " That the foundation of the lottery system was so radically vicious, that your committee feels convinced, that under no system of regulations that can be devised, will it be possible for Parliament to adopt it as an efficacious plan of revenue, and at the same time divest it of all the evils of which it has hitherto proved so baneful a source." M. Say, in his admirable treatise on *Political Economy*, says " When a government derives a profit from the licensing lotteries and gaming houses, what does it else but offer a premium to a vice most fatal to domestic happiness, and destructive to national prosperity ? How disgraceful is it to see a government thus acting as a pander to irregular desires, and imitating the fraudulent conduct it punishes in others, by holding out to want and avarice the bait of hollow and deceitful chance ? " The mischief in the *country* is not glaring and palpable, because in the country there is little of the traffic, and therefore it is that the people are not well informed upon the subject. They may rest assured, however, that the vices of the cities will in the end reach them. They are not aware of the *enormous profits* made by the offices, nor of the host of persons thus supported in worthless employments, which bring not a dollar to the state. Indeed the whole system is fraud, extravagance, and waste. No mode

country, if an innocent girl is to be robbed of her virtue, and then thrown into a well or the street, the assignation is procured by making the infamous gold glisten in your hands.

If neither the love of God or man be in your heart, there is nothing base of which you have not been guilty. In your capacity of American citizen, the noblest, proudest that man ever exercised, I have sometimes seen you (thank God not often) at the polls, in greasy shirts, cursing and swearing, reeling with the fumes of rum, the bread and cheese sticking between your teeth, given by the gentle-

of gaming is so *expensive*, and this expense, too, must fall, in the main, upon unthinking, unhappy wretches, who know not how to take care of themselves. A friend informed me that he went often to the most famous gaming house in Paris, and one of the most noted in the world. The Allies were then in Paris. There he often saw General Blucher, and always at the game *rouge et noir*, red and black, from the colour of the table. He carried his Napoleons in *rouleaux*, done up like cartridges, ten or twenty in a cartridge. It was reported that this sport more than once emptied his pockets, which however were filled again by his master the king of Prussia. Be this as it may, when the rich game and lose, they usually have resources left, but the loss to the poor is irretrievable. A calculation, demonstrating the chances of the table, gave a profit of two per cent. only in its favour. Twice that amount would probably not pay the profits of the lottery offices here, and that is in addition to the usual allowance of *fifteen* per cent. to the lottery. This species of gaming, so fatal to the poor and unthinking, is a deep disgrace to the age in which we live, and still more so to a country which boasts of its virtue and good sense.

men as a treat for your votes, who, when your backs have been turned, have put spurs to their horses, calling you fools and asses, and regarding you with ineffable scorn. Labourer, hear me! I am familiar with the thoughts that stir in your mind, new ones are at work there; I see them clearly; the rich and powerful begin to take you by the hand, kings to ask favours of you; for even they see, that if you be not enlightened, they, among kings, must become paupers. Arise! sweep from your intellectual houses the dust and filth which for ages have been gathering there; a new era has arrived: men and nations are throwing off their garments of superstition and ignorance, as the serpent casts his worn-out skin. As an *American* labourer, you are privileged; stand forth therefore as a pattern-man; let the world look at your bright face, and see that the dark passions which show themselves in the despised labour of the slave are not there; let temperance smooth your brow daily; commit to memory the constitutions of your governments; above all things maintain your schools and colleges, that your son or daughter in pursuing nature, may find God, who is more and more brought to light in these benevolent times, and ~~who~~ reveals himself clearly to those only, who are following truth and virtue.

LETTER V.

MANUSCRIPT—LOCUSTS.

My dear Brother,

I SEND you a little manuscript, the work of an old friend of mine, and beg you will ask Mr. —, the bookseller, to get it published for me *cheaply*. You know where to find him : his shelves are no longer on the outer walls of the house. As to the manuscript, if Mr. — objects that the whole of the contents do not appear to be the truth, you can assure him, that in this respect it is preferable to most travels ; for in them, one half perhaps being true, and the other false, the reader not knowing *which* half to believe, is left where he began. Here, however, besides the mention of many absolute facts, there is such a likeness to the truth, that he can never be essentially misled, and may therefore take the whole for verity.

With the manuscript, I send ~~you~~ ^{your} curiosity which my friend obtained from a gentleman who has been residing at Bombay, and who brought it to this country, thinking that the contents might

perhaps be an object of traffic here. You will perceive upon taking off the lid of the box, that there are six distinct apartments, and in each a little insect, which, in China, whence the insect comes, are called *Locusts*. The gentleman obtained it from a Chinese labourer at Bombay : there are many Chinese there who act in that capacity, as gardeners, &c. You must on no account open the doors leading into the different stalls, or cells, so as to let these insects come together ; for they are the most spiteful, ferocious little devils in the world. Should you do so, you will find that, like a dozen cocks thrown into the pit at once, there will not, in one half hour, be more than a single survivor. It appears that the tail of the insect is armed with a sharp point, like a dart, and that the aim of the assailant being always at the eye or some vital part of his antagonist, seldom fails to take effect ; so that the one which gets the first blow is usually the victor. Do not think that I mean to impose upon your credulity, in stating the use which is made of these insects, when I assure you that the Chinese labourers keep them to *game* with, as the gentlemen of the turf among us, keep horses. They are supported at vastly less expense than horses and at much less too than cocks. It is for this reason that the cocks are there allowed to use them for the purpose I have mentioned. What kind of gaming is in fashion in China among the *Mandarins*, I am not able to say. It is because this is a *cheap* mode of *gaming* that I desire to see

it introduced into our country, and therefore send the Locusts to you to be disposed of in the best manner. The vulgar, ignorant *common people*, must have sports; they cannot live without; and why should they not have their own, instead of *tagging* after the gentlemen, for they cannot afford to keep horses for their amusement merely. Indeed, if I remember right, it was upon this ground, that Mr. Wyndham, in Parliament, in his manly argument, opposed a bill introduced there to prevent bull-baiting. That is, that these pleasures, which had such charms for the vulgar populace, were not more vicious or hurtful to the public morals, than many of those pursued with so much eagerness by the higher orders. This was quite a fair way of treating the subject.

I hope, my dear brother, not to be disappointed in the expectation of an early publication of the manuscript; as I ~~have~~ informed my friends in the country here, that an original work was very soon to appear, which was intended most expressly for their amusement and profit.

Your affectionate brother,

N. D. —

THE BOOK-MERCHANT'S TOUR.

YESTERDAY, a little before the rising of the sun, as he was struggling to make his glorious passage through the vapours and clouds of a murky morning, as usual at that hour, I stood with my little corn-basket in my hand, the weather was cold, and my fur cap was drawn down over my ears. I was muttering to myself, "*beautiful bird, beautiful bird.*" She was my favourite pullet, and had appeared first of all the flock. At this instant, I heard a light step, and felt a gentle tap on my shoulder, accompanied by a salutation of "good morning to you, sir, good morning;" and who should it be, but my old friend the Book-Merchant!

"Ay," said he, "is this the way you spend your time?"—"Yes—better this, 'than like the West-Indian, keep my couch, and let time spend itself.' This is the very way; look at that fowl, see the *crimson* of her comb, what think you that shows? eggs, pancakes, a farmer's profit. Why, sir, man and the sloth are almost the only lazy beings in creation. That pullet lays me an egg at so early an hour, that she can hardly see the way to her nest. Look at the elegance of her plumage; she is as beautiful as the *bird of Paradise*!"

I intend, by breeding, to bring my whole flock up to that standard."

"Pigs and poultry!" "Now," said I, "look at my pigs; here they are—here is what I call *breed*, in fowl, brute, or man. You see that *glutton*, *lying* there, not *standing* to eat, nor *sitting*, but *lying* down, literally eating himself to sleep. Cobbett says, in his 'Residence in America,' or 'Cottage Economy,' (I do not recollect which) that the *true* hog should *sit* and eat. *Now*, this is a greater gourmand than his hog.—But look at that other, I can make nothing of him; observe the hair on his spine; it stands the wrong way, like that of a hog in a passion; he belongs to a disparaged branch of the great family of hogs: I shall take the advice of good farmers, who say, that a poor beast is not worth keeping, and kill him this very day."

By this time my old friend began to shift from one foot to another, showing a little impatience, and said that he came on business.

"I will explain at once," said he, "for 'time to me is money.' You informed me, some time since, that you had thoughts of writing a little book. You have known me as a book-merchant, (a book-merchant I am still) and now, to confess the truth, I have been writing the history of my summer's travels, as I heretofore informed you; and to come to business at once, if you think that my little manuscript will dovetail with any of your dissertations on pigs and poultry, and not look

like a cabbage stump in a flower-garden, then you shall take it, and pay me equitably, according to the profits of the whole work."

Knowing the queer humour of the man, and that he had sense too, the bargain was struck ; and here follows a history of my friend's summer journey.

THE TOUR.

"A true and genuine History of a TOUR through parts of the state of New-York, Vermont, and New-Hampshire, in the United States of America, begun and ended in the year 1825.

City of New-York.

I must begin by fairly informing the reader, that, like Jonah in the belly of the fish, (if fish it was) I have often travelled far and seen little.— Doctor Johnson says, that no man's experience, however small, has its parallel in the life of another ; and that the biography of any individual, obscure as he may be, if accurately and fairly written, would be useful to the rest of his race. As this human race is to me the most interesting part of creation, I have often passed over many a hill and valley, lake and river, wholly absorbed in observations on my fellow-travellers, without

hardly knowing whether it was wet or dry, fair or foul.—All nature, to be sure, is worthy of attention; but that part of it which can laugh and cry, (which the philosophers say is man only) in all my travels, most engages my attention. Thus, whilst others at peep of dawn are listening, as the coach rolls on, to a band of music in the feathered tribe, I am watching to hear the various notes of the human voice within, and endeavouring, before there is light enough to observe the dress, manners, and countenances of my companions, to ascertain their respective characters, *from those indications.*

Being by profession a Vender of books, I had made, previous to the month of June, in the year 1824, many sales in the northern part of the State of New-York, and in the eastern States, and was desirous to make collections of moneys due on that account. Before I commenced this tour, I cast about to see what instructions were necessary for a “patriotic traveller;” and was lucky enough to find an excellent and scarce essay, by *Count Berchtold*, which contains a treatise to direct and extend the inquiries of “patriotic travellers;” of whom I desire to show my reader that I am one. These instructions are all valuable; I therefore studied them over carefully, but found that some were more particularly applicable to a European traveller.

As all who go upon distant journeys desire, above all things, to return with life and limb, I

looked especially at that head which gives directions "for the safety of the traveller's person and property."

The author recommends, "1st. That the traveller should look to the fidelity of his servant; who should be conversant with the French language, write a quick hand, know how to let blood, that he may give his master assistance if necessary."—As to a servant *on the road*, that with me was out of the question; besides, even the gentlemen in this country, who can afford such an expense, unless they travel in their own carriages, rather prefer to be seen to help themselves; travelling servants for such gentlemen are even more out of fashion than heretofore; as to *bleeding*, that, in this country, is given up to the doctors together.

2nd. "That familiarity with fellow-travellers be avoided as imprudent; that another man's name never be asked, nor the motive of his travelling, nor the time he intends to continue in a place, &c."—These instructions, in most parts of America, would be absolutely unintelligible.

3d. "The company of drinkers, players, and women, to be avoided."—Of drinkers, I lament to say, that there are too many; of players in the country parts, there are few, and of lewd and dangerous women, fewer still.

The *fourth* I pass over.

5th. "That when a traveller arrives, he should

wait on the ambassador, claim his protection, that thus he may be presented at court, to the highest nobility, and in that way obtain entrance into the first company."—In these States, though they may be said in some respects to resemble the principalities of Europe, there are no ambassadors, or nobility ; nor are there any courts, except where causes, and thieves are tried ; and in regard to the *first company*, (so different are the manners here, from those of Europe, for here, every body knows something of every body,) I am assured, that some of my countrymen, who don't know that there is a spindle at Manchester, or coal at Newcastle, have, by virtue of their birth in a lordly land, obtained an easy entrance into : even into company where the lady and gentleman in their younger days passed many a week with often not bread and butter enough to carry them over the Sunday ; but now, the gentleman sometimes orders the horse *Regulus* into the gig, and sometimes *Pompey*, and often both into the barouche, and the lady, at ten in the morning, to save herself the trouble of sitting upright, rings the bell at the head of the bed, to call the maid to see what's the time by the clock that stands concealed behind her curtains.—This, though every body knows that no country contains better company, is, I am sorry to say, as in all others, deemed by many, a portion of the best. I am but a travelling book-merchant, still I cannot but think that such people here, are absolutely good for nothing.

Though a poor man myself, to tell the truth, however, not entirely poor, but not rich, I love and respect those who have made themselves so, by a noble and ingenious industry ; like, for instance, (for as I observed before, every body in this country knows something of every body,) Mr. — of Philadelphia, whose name from delicacy, I forbear to mention, but who knows how to reward his faithful servants, the supercargoes of his ships, and says, that “ all lazy fingers in his employ, are at the bottom of his pockets.”

I beg the reader not to think amiss of this digression ; for it is a part of my plan of writing the history of my tour, which I shall observe when it is convenient. But to return to the author.

6th. “ It would be a ridiculous vanity in the traveller to carry diamond rings, or very expensive watches, or valuable trinkets ; in some countries it is even dangerous to show gold coins, silver spoons, and such articles.”—As to *trinkets*, they are common enough in all countries, but I think not much worn here ; and I have not known but one traveller who carried his own *silver* spoons, and he, dainty gentleman, always preferred a *black* to a *white* pig, declaring that it was by far more delicious.

7th. “ Double-barrelled pocket-pistols are very well calculated for the defence of the traveller.”—In the country parts of these states through which I have travelled, robbery is so rare, that he who carries a pistol, double or single-barrelled, is himself suspected ; the innocent natives take such a

man for some great rogue or bandit, not as one fearing robbery, but as a robber himself.

Several other instructions to secure the traveller are passed over, and I have only cited the author to show the diversity of manners in different countries, and how much happier and safer a man may be, in some than in others.*

On the fifth day of the month I have mentioned, unlike most travellers, I took my departure from the great metropolis of the great state of New-York, not in the morning, but in the evening, why or wherefore, is of no moment to the reader. He who has his eyes open, may see sights at any time; and if his ears are acute and good, he may tell whether a voice proceeds from a white, or a black man. I was sure it was the latter, as I heard, upon passing near the theatre at ten o'clock at night, a great cry of "watch! watch!" Now a cry of "watch, watch," brings together all the standers or goers by, whether engaged in that useful calling or not. I being one of them, proceeded to the place whence the voice issued, and was asked by a coloured man at the door, if I belonged to the watch. At this moment one of those city guardians stepped up, and was immediately recognised by the tenant of the premises. "Here,"

* Upon looking over M. Galignani's "Traveller's Guide," through France, for 1844, I observe that the fashions there, in several particulars, have not altered, essentially, since Count Berchtold wrote.

said he, "take this man to Bridewell, I will lodge my complaint against him in the morning."—No sooner said than done: off he went in legal custody. I stepped in, and remarked to him that I was not a little surprised that a man of his colour should send a gentleman to Bridewell. "I will tell you what sort of a *gentleman* he is," said he: "he is one of your six weeks lords; a live-by-chance, upon 'please lend me five dollars till next week:' he is well known to the watch: here he comes into my oyster shop at ten o'clock at night, calls for a cigar and glass of gin and water, (which ~~he~~ will never pay me for,) and while he was half drunk in one corner of the room, I was very sleepy, wishing him gone, and *gaping loud* in the other. Upon this, up he starts, in a great passion, seizes me by the throat, and says, 'you d—n'd villain, how dare you *gape loud* in the presence of a gentleman? If I had you in the Bahamas, I'd cut every one of your toe-nails down to the quick, and your ears off, and make you wear them about your neck for beads.' No, no, Bridewell is the place for him: I'm glad I sent him there."

Upon this I left the shop, delighting myself with the idea that I lived in a country in which a man black or white, might gape loud if he pleased, in the presence of a gentleman; or in which a man's horse or mule might brush off the flies from his flanks with his tail, without being called to account for it by passengers in the streets. I had a cousin

travelling in the Barbary states : he was standing one day at the head of his mule, when a turbaned Turk, with a sabre at his side, accidentally passed : at that moment the mule threw about her long tail, and brushed him in the face. He instantly drew his sabre, inflicted a dreadful wound upon the leg of my friend, which laid him up for six months, and from which he has never entirely recovered. Full of pleasing ideas of liberty and safety, I went on my way rejoicing, and slept at Harlem, eight miles from the city.

Lady Lightfoot.

IN the morning, the landlord showed me some fine colts and breeding mares, which were grazing in a small pasture in the rear of his garden. "There," said he, "what think you of that mare? Do you know her?" "Not I; I have never seen her." "That is the famous *Lady Lightfoot*," said he: "She ran against Eclipse at Jamaica, in eighteen hundred and twenty-two." "Bless me," said I, "is that the same Lady? I saw her there; she was then as gaunt as a greyhound. She is in a very *motherly* condition now." Oh yes, she is kept for breeding," said he. "This is the way, then, in which the gentlemen of the turf breed horses. I wish they took as much care of the breed of men and women, what a prodigious fine race we

should have ! A horse finely turned, that shows strength, is a hard worker, patient, docile, healthy, kind-hearted—in truth, a virtuous, useful horse, is a fine animal ; but man or woman who has all those qualities, is finer still. They say in England, that the excessive refinement in the breed of race horses, which the gentlemen there, with their pockets full of money, pursue with so much ardour, has not improved the breed of *workers*. It is workers that we want.” By this time, the man perceived from my voice, that I waxed a little warm, and I observed from his countenance, that he was not counting his *geese*, but attending to me. I proceeded, “ Here, in this beautiful state, we had a law against horse-racing ; but the gentlemen of the turf, ever desirous to improve the breed of horses, were not content, and begged of the legislature to except, from the operation of the act, the good county of *Queens*. Oh yes, quite right for Kings and Queens ; and so the legislature indulged the gentlemen. The state, thinking to establish morality *by law*, and to make *horse-race gaming* harmless in this innocent country, enacted excellent provisions against ‘ heads and tails,’ ‘ all fours,’ and ‘ E. O.-tables,’ to be carried into effect by the constables, sheriffs and magistrates, *on the course* ; and now the gentlemen boast that every thing is conducted in the most orderly manner ; that all gaming and vicious conduct is effectually prevented. A fine law indeed, against E. O.-tables ! when half the number of the great multitude that

congregate, come for no other purpose but to *game*: all the blacklegs that can be collected from a circuit of a hundred and fifty miles, are there assembled. There is not a steam-boat or sloop that traverses the rivers a week previous to, or after this gentlemen's great holiday, where you may not have your choice, of little loo, pam loo, all-fours, or, the gentleman's game, brag. What gives these gentlemen a right, by their example, to corrupt the innocent people, and thus bring upon us the vices of Europe? They need not go far to see the consequences; only out to the State Prison, to the Penitentiary, or the Stepping-mill: not so far; only out of Broadway, down *Catharine-Lane*: it will only soil their shoes a little to see the sight; up one pair of stairs, or two, or three, as they choose. Horrid indeed! and too horrible to relate, were it not that duty compels us to know of wretchedness, and its causes all that exists: these causes! I have seen enough of them in Europe: bull-baiting, prize-fighting, cock-fighting, horse-race-gaming and drunkenness, will soon bring men, and women too, to this pass. It is but a short road, and soon travelled over. "There is but the thickness of a shilling bit between the comfort of the poor and their greatest miseries." Pray do the gentlemen of the turf know what sort of people, after all, have to support the charges of all this wickedness? for there is nothing so expensive as vice. One drunkard makes four paupers. Why the laborious, frugal, and industrious, to be sure; men just like me,

who am often on the road before the cocks wake, and obliged to bear the storm for hours together, in my face and eyes, to make a sixpence or save one." To my discourse the man listened with some attention, and said, "but how can you help it?" "Ay," said I, "that deserves consideration. Now I observe that these gentlemen, who are able to keep horses, are in one particular very like Julius Cæsar and Tamerlane; that is, they all like distinction: in this country, our votes. Now if they will agree to maintain the laws of virtue and propriety, that keep the world in order, and enable you and me to sleep on feather beds in cold weather, they shall have their fair proportion of what those great men sighed for. What think you," said I, "will it do?" My landlord looked pleased, and without waiting for an answer, I stepped into my little waggon, which was then ready, and with the aid of a skiff went on board the steam-boat at Philipsburgh, as she was then passing up the river.

Steam-boat Passage.

THE boat was crammed with passengers. Making it a principle never to be idle, I looked out for company, and after taking a survey of this miniature world, my eyes at length stopped at a woman, who sat pretty much alone, at the bow of the boat, whom I took to be *Irish*, from her short petticoats, thick clumped shoes, leather strings, and a cast of countenance which was familiar to me. These people are friendly, and after having mentioned the place of my birth, and that I had been in Ireland, we fell naturally into conversation. She having just arrived in this country, I asked her whether she had an agreeable passage, upon which she informed me that there could not be a worse; that they had such a fearful storm that the captain gave up all for lost. "But," said she, "I told the captain that we could not *sink*, that I was sure of it, and that I had that in my wooden chest which would save the ship. They did not, however, heed me; and such shrieking and howling was there for two days, from the poor frightened souls, that I hear it ringing in my ears yet. It turned out, however, as I said, we came in safe." "And pray," said I, had you a *priest* locked up in your chest?" "Oh no, Sir, not that; they say that a priest will bring on a storm in a calm; not that, but a *veil*." "A *veil*, a *veil*, and pray what is that?" said I. Here patting the head of her little boy, who stood by her side, "This little fellow," said she, "came into this wicked world with a veil ;

some *childer* are born with it; it is like a thin bladder drawn over the face; if you take it off right and carefully, without tearing, the child can see a hundred miles off in a dark night; they call it *second sight*; it is a precious thing; ill luck to the mother who don't take care of it, for it will save a house from burning, and a ship from sinking. The veil tells whether the person be sick or well; if well, it looks fresh and healthy, if sick, it withers up. My husband's father was born with one of them; he fought in four kingdoms and not a bullet touched him, for he carried his veil in the linings of his coat. But in the last war he went to Spain, poor soul! his wife forgot to sew in the veil, as he had directed her to do, and at the siege of Badajos he was a dead man. But," said she, "there is no use in telling any such thing *here*, for they will not believe a word of it. No, they won't believe in what you have seen with your own eyes and handled with your own hands. I told a story yesterday to a young woman of this country of what happened to a Belfast lady and gentleman, which my cousin's mother saw with her own eyes, for she was chamber-maid to the lady. These rich people had all that heart could wish, except an *heir*; they had lived together fourteen years, sighing, pining, and fretting, as though God had not a right to deal with his own creatures as he chooses, to lend or not to lend. At last the doctors advised them to *travel*; to go to England and drink the waters. Whether it was the water, or the travel, or the sights, I can't say, for poor peo-

ple in Ireland, like me, never ask for such a blessing without receiving it; but so it was, the lady at the end of six months came home quite *altered*, and at the time when nature would have her own way, what do you think it was? A *wulf*, a *wulf*, standing on four hairy legs! The people all said it was a right punishment for her complaining of God's dealings, when her house was full of silver and her stable of horses. Now, Sir," added she, "this young woman, to whom I told the story, after I had finished, laughed me full in the face, as much as to say she did not believe a word of it, though my cousin's mother saw the whole with her own eyes."

To my regret, at this moment our conversation was broken off very suddenly by a clamorous noise at the door of the ladies' cabin, and I stepped up to see what was the difficulty. The cabin was crowded with ladies and children, all heads and points, and in as much confusion as a ship after action. I heard a gentleman say, "Why, Madam, the birth was taken for my cousin; she is ill, and wishes repose; her name is down to the number." To which a coarse and vulgar voice replied, "I care not who has got the number, I am ill too, I have got the birth, and my child and I will keep it." The captain was called and the facts explained, which the woman did not deny, but reiterated her determination to keep her ground. By this time a dozen gentlemen surrounded the captain; it was the *Commodore*, who derives that honourable appellation from being eldest in the North river

steam-boat service. He submitted the matter to public opinion, which, in this free country, seems to bear sway both on land and water, and said, "Gentlemen, will you not support order in the boat?" "Oh yes, Captain, order must be maintained in the boat," said one and all. At this moment a kind-hearted quaker approached, and proposed terms of compromise, but the woman would listen to nothing, insisting upon her nine points in the law, possession. At length, the captain turned off with the mortified look of a man not in the habit of giving up a point, and said, shaking his head, "I am not going to handle that she-bear, with a cub at her side; besides, Gentlemen," with a smile at one corner of his mouth, "you can't, in this country, throw a woman overboard, or into the hold, that is out of the question; here Mr. — I will find a birth for the lady."

Peace having been thus restored, the parties retired, and as I turned from the cabin-door I was struck with the singular appearance of a woman whose features I partly recognised, as those with which I had formerly been acquainted, and was determined, if possible, to ascertain before I left the boat, whether I was in a mistake.

At length we approached Albany, where, upon my arrival in this country, a stranger, poor and friendless, I first enjoyed success in business, at a time too, when the sound of the lifting of the latch of my door by a customer, fell upon my ear as does the dropping of the rain upon the parched earth, or upon the sail of the thirsty shipwrecked mariner. A

city, which was first settled by the descendants of those who made dykes, and thus chained down the sea, by the work of their hands ; where forty years since, (as I have been told) in their then simple and innocent state, a word was as good as a bond ; which still contains many good people, and I know no better. Our boat, the *Richmond*, approached the dock ; her paddles revolving in quick succession, her streamers flying, when lo ! it appeared, that an oyster and clam-boat was in possession of the birth which she intended for herself. No time was to be lost : the passengers must be landed, and the order was given by the pilot and hands, that the man in the shallop should draw off without delay, and give place to his betters, being threatened in case of non-compliance, with instant destruction. Threats do not always produce the desired effect, as was the present case. The commander of the inferior vessel kept his ground, and swore that if that *big bug* came any nearer, he would put the captain's nose between two of his clam-shells. The fact was, that the oysters and clams were entitled to the birth. At this moment the captain, having been engaged below, stepped on deck, and seeing the difficulty, " softly, softly," said he, " every man is an emperor in this country, we must *coax* the fellow away." " Yes," said I, " captain, your sovereign people love coaxing, as well as other sovereigns." In this way the difficulty was soon removed, and the *Richmond* took her destined position.

In every age of the world, the education of kings, has been deemed an object of the first importance; and I could wish that some competent person would write a little treatise, that could be understood, upon the training of the *American kings*. The maxim of the world has been, that kings could do no wrong: we have expunged it, however, from the code of this, my adopted country, and engrafted one more reasonable, "that kings, few or many, can do wrong." It becomes doubly important, therefore, to teach them how to do right. If as *sovereigns* they are to be treated, and if there are to be so many, the *breed* is important; for all nature shows that when that has once degenerated, ages and ages do not remove the taint, but that things go on in an increased ratio, from bad to worse. The *breed*, the *breed* is every thing. There is the *Arab's mare*, for instance, how much has this continued care for generations done for her? She is not only the *servant*, but the *friend* of her master: he sleeps by her side, keeps an accurate calendar of her remotest ancestors, maternal and paternal, treats her with the tenderness of a child, frames an address to her, and recites it thus, in the language of a kind friend, a lady, who has been good enough to furnish me with this paraphrase, from the writings of an eastern traveller.*

* Clarke's Travels in the Holy Land.

The Arab's parting Address to his Mare.

My eyes! my soul! my very heart!
 How can I bear from thee to part?
 How shall it e'er of me be told,
 That I to many masters sold
 My Antelope? as fleet, and bright,
 As beams of heav'n's own blessed light:
 But I am poor, thou know'st it well
 For right thou hear'st whate'er I tell;
 Ah! thus with thee to part is more,
 Than all I've parted with before.
 I've rear'd thee as a tender child,
 With thee I've roam'd the desert wild;
 When borne by thee I knew no fear,
 And in my tent was nought more dear.
 Did I e'er beat or chide thee? never!
 Did I caress with fondness? ever
 Belov'd and fair! may heav'n preserve thee!
 No care than mine, can more deserve thee.
 Lovely thou art! may God befriend thee!
 And from all envious* eyes defend thee!

This is *education*. The *breed*! They say that
 Spain, the degeneracy of the nobles at this day,
 cannot vouch for the fact) is seen in their spi-
 ess visages, and diminished figures, and this
 oduced by continued intermarriages for genera-
 ns with each other. I have seen red whiskers
 appear in the third generation, after having dis-
 peared in the second; a boy with one thumb
 ttened at the end, as was his grandfather's; a

*An evil or *envious* eye is supposed by the Arabs to pro-
 ce the most injurious consequences.

girl with the nail on one toe, running transversely with the toe itself, like that of the mother, and grandmother; and if the family had kept the Arab's calendar, I might probably give a more remote history of the toe. I have known a whole family, large and respectable, the one half of which committed suicide—a person fair as light, (many such doubtless there are) to whom any deception was the worst of crimes, always meaning what was said, and performing what was promised; for ever plotting, planning something for the happiness of others; if the calendar be true, such was the *father*. Reader, call you this what you may, it is *breed*.

The Fortune Teller.

I BEG pardon of the reader for travelling off from the road: I have only been a little out of the way, as far as Schenectady. I had my motive, however, in this excursion: it was to see the person of whom I caught a glimpse yesterday, in whose features, upon more reflection, I was confident I was not mistaken. Hearing upon inquiry at Albany, that she had taken this route, I could not give up the pleasure of seeing an old acquaintance, of rather a singular character. Upon stepping into the inn at Schenectady, she immediately recognised me, and in the course of our conversation informed me, without any injunction of se-

cross, that she had just then landed in America, having left London about two months before, and that she was on her way to Canada, for the purpose of settling an estate of a brother, who had died there some years previously, having left her a property which made her quite independent. The trouble and expense of a fifteen miles' jaunt is well repaid by the pleasure of seeing an old and early acquaintance, one's countrywoman. There are peculiarities about her history, which may possibly amuse the reader.

She was born in ——— street, London, of poor parents, like myself: poverty there and here, however, are two very different things. As a child, those who knew her, said she was distinguished by her peculiar sagacity. At ten years of age, she was placed in the family of a barber. Being a bright, clear-minded, chattering thing, his customers took much notice of her, whenever she came into the room. He was a kind of Fortune-teller: not that he made money by the trade, but used, after the custom work of the day was over, to get out his cards, and always had a number of loiterers about him at that hour, who were amused by being let into the supposed knowledge of their future history. She was often an observer upon such occasions, and did not fail to remark, that many of those whose fortunes were told, used to frequent the shop again and again for similar purposes. At length, after a few years, whenever the barber was from home, she tried her own hand at the cards, and found that she made the idle people

who came to the shop, wonder and stare at, she told them. At the age of sixteen, as she was beautiful, and attractive too, for one in her condition of life, she caught the notice of a young man in the neighbourhood, of good connexions, and considerable property. He was unprincipled and dissipated, and pursued her with no honourable views. Perceiving however, at last, that his object could not otherwise be accomplished, he consented to a clandestine marriage. It was in these circumstances, as his wife, that she became acquainted with many persons far above her own rank; indeed she was introduced into the society of those, who in a measure formed her mind and manners to a standard very superior to her subsequent occupation. He having run a course of great profligacy for three years, died at the expiration of that time in a jail, leaving her entirely destitute, with the burthen of two children. She immediately cast about for some employment, upon which she could rely for her own and their support; and at length established herself in a fruit shop, in the neighbourhood of her old friend, the barber. Many of the persons who frequented that shop, and had formerly known her, used to call at hers for fruit. Among others, some mates of vessels, and sailors, who asked her if she now ever tried her hand at the cards; and said that she could once tell a *sailor's* fortune as well as the barber himself. This seemed a lucky hint: in a state of desperation at the poverty which stared her in the face, she pursued it; and at the end of

At the time, began to ask and receive small sums for her skill in this way.

In fine, she set up the trade to get a living. There are arts in every trade ; and as I knew her well in early life, she never disguised from me the manner by which she established her influence over the ignorant, credulous, and superstitious creatures who resorted to her.

About the time that she commenced the business, a captain of a ship in the sealing trade, having heard that his sailors were fools enough to throw away their money upon her, went to her house, treated her very ill, calling her hag and impostor, and swearing that if she did not bar her doors, he would pull her house about her ears. She, in resentment, told him that his own house would fall first, and that he need never expect to see his ship lie alongside the London Dock again. It turned out, that neither ship nor crew were heard from after they left the Channel. This proved a shower of gold in her lap.

Being keen and sagacious, she had acquired a wonderful talent in ascertaining the *relationship* of persons, from their *voice* ; and told me, that she took the idea from a blind man, whose brother was building a house in her neighbourhood ; and who, when the masons had laid the foundation, upon passing that way, and running his hand along the wall from one extremity to the other, declared that it was not *plumb*, which upon measurement so turned out. Now she determined in her own mind, that if the touch could be so accurate, the

hearing, as one of the senses, could be ~~greatly~~ improved too. One of the first and most common questions asked her was, where there were two or more persons in company, what *relationship* existed between them?

Two young men of very decent appearance, one day came into her room; her back was so turned that she caught a glimpse of the countenance of one of them only. This, they could not but observe. Both made some observations about having their fortunes told, and luckily for her, asked whether they were *brothers*. "Certainly not," was the answer. "Their voices were so totally unlike," said she, "that I was very sure they were not *brothers*." This too, proved a lucky hit, for every hit told; but when there was a miss, nobody took the trouble to say much about it; for the knowing ones were certain that there was not much in that. She informed these young men, that they were going abroad, by water, and to some *islands* lying to the *westward*.

The witchcraft of this was plain: she kept a little girl then about six years of age, but who was dwarfish, and from her size appeared a mere infant, and whom, from that circumstance, no one would suspect. This child, when the bell rang at the street door, which led up a long passage, was employed to open it, and took care to hear and report every word that was dropped. One of the young men said to the other in a low voice, which the child heard, "Now let us see if she can tell that we are going to the West Indies." The child

always went first into the apartment of her mistress, shutting the door after her, under pretence of seeing whether the visitors could be admitted. In this case, as usual, she repeated as quick as tongue could move, what she had heard.

Among other happy strokes of early fortune, the mistress informed one of these young men, that he would *die first*. So it happened. He went to the West Indies, was employed there in a hard service, came home in a consumption, and soon after died. The survivor, after this event, went to her one day, and said that he did not believe a word in her telling fortunes, but that what she had said, was indeed a *little surprising*. Besides, he informed her, that his friend, upon his death-bed, had mentioned the circumstance of her prediction, and though he treated the matter lightly, it seemed to *prey upon his spirits*. "Oh," said she, "I knew, from the beginning, that the nail was clenched upon both of them; for the whole story having got abroad, as they were decent young men; brought many of their rank to my house."

I have already mentioned, that circumstances early in life, often brought us together, and produced an intimacy; so much so, that I never hesitated afterwards to talk freely with her about her business, and often expressed my surprise, that she was able to make such *large sums* of money, (which I knew to be the fact) by her trade.

"You need not be surprised," said she, "if you think of the sort of people that come to my house

—sailors, gamesters, those who dipped in the lotteries, indeed the ignorant and superstitious of every class, of which there are enough, let me tell you ; you may blow the whole of them into bladders or soap-bubbles ; they have paid my rent, kept my fires, bought my groceries, clothed my children, and paid untold guineas to those needy relations of mine, whom you knew, these twenty years.”

In the course of our conversation at the inn in Schenectady, “ Well,” said she, “ I suppose you have none of my *sisterhood* in this enlightened country.” “ Pardon me,” I replied, “ there are those who belong to the *same family*.” “ It is a pity, it is a pity,” said she ; “ for in this way the poor ignorant creatures are sent upon fool’s errands, and robbed of their money. In my most prosperous days, I often thought that mine was a bad business ; but I went on, because in my then situation it seemed necessary for me ; as many others do, with a thorn often sticking in my side. But I have done good too, and that is a happiness now ; I have been kind to my relations, and even in the way of my business, good has sometimes come out of it ; and to show you that such has been the case, I will tell you a story.

“ There are some great villains, who fear neither God nor man ; if you threaten them with Newgate, why, they have seen it and know what it is ; Botany Bay too they have heard of ; that they can bear ; and if worst comes to worst, a halter around their necks, they have often seen a

halter about the necks of other men ; but if you show them a *raw head and bloody bones*, on the back of the jack of clubs, they know not at what hour of the night he will knock at the door for them ; their journey may prove worse than to the gallows.

“ There was a young man born in my neighbourhood, whom I knew as a child ; cruelty seemed as natural to him as the warts on his hands. It was said, that his father was hanged for killing, by hard treatment, an apprentice boy. The son, at eight years of age, manifested similar dispositions ; and I remember when he was once detected in killing a whole brood of young chickens, by bruising their heads to a jelly between two stones ; and that being called to an account for it, said, ‘ that he only wanted chicken soup for breakfast.’ At the age of sixteen, he left home ; not being heard from, for many years, it was reported that he was lost at sea, as it was known that he had gone out to India, in a merchant-ship. At the expiration of eight years, however, he made his appearance ; and at the period of which I speak, lived with an uncle, of whom he had the principal care. The old man, having been a miser, had saved a good deal of money ; and it was reported, that five hundred pounds in gold were secreted in his house. The young man having improved in his appearance, upon his return got into the good graces of his uncle, who in a fit of caprice burnt his will, which had been made in favour of numerous relations, and bequeathed all his property to

the nephew. This put him in high spirits; he used often to come over and chat with me, and was always gay and happy.

“ At length I perceived a change in his countenance, and one day, while conversing about the old man and his own prospects, he muttered out, ‘ D—n the old fool, he has as many minds as guineas; he means to alter his will.’ After this, I observed that he was much alone, silent and ill-tempered. One morning he came into my house, his head uncombed, his eyes staring, took a rusty nail from his pocket, and looked at it again and again. I saw that some devil was preying upon his vitals, and was confirmed in my suspicions, when he informed me, that their Mary, a girl who had charge of his uncle’s domestic affairs, was unwell, and that he had advised her to go a few miles into the country for her health. Upon this I took up the cards and said carelessly, ‘ I had a dream about you last night.’ ‘ Well, what was it?’ said he, ‘ your head is always wool-gathering.’ ‘ I dreamed that I was in your chamber; that you was fast asleep; when suddenly a *large white* figure descended from the wall, with a bright lamp in one hand, and in the other a beautiful book opened, upon a fair clean page of which there was the picture of a large iron spike, with drops of blood trickling from it upon the paper; that you, groaning deeply in your sleep, suddenly awoke, when the figure instantly disappeared.’ I saw that he looked wild, and trembled. ‘ D—n your idle dreams,’ said he, and instantly

left the room, and, from that day to this, I have never seen him, nor heard of him. I never doubted, however, that he had resolved upon taking the old man's life, nor that my pretended dream, with perhaps other favourable circumstances co-operating, saved it."

The time had now arrived for the closing of our interview, but before we parted, I remarked to her—"That as I had informed her that there were those of her *sisterhood* here, that is, those of the same great and universal family, though differing a little in ways, modes, and dress, I would give her for her perusal, a *Lake Legend*, which a lady at Albany, a friend of mine, had presented to me as a *true story*; assuring me, that it was no further sublimated, than any matter of fact might be supposed to be, which had been subjected to the heat of a *woman's* imagination; and that having two copies of it, one was at her service." She made her acknowledgments for this trifling favour, and upon that we parted. As this *Lake Legend* may possibly amuse the reader, I here present it to him also.

The Women of Champlain.

See in the east the rosy morn
Rebukes our idle stay !
Sound, sound my lads, the signal horn,
Your ponderous engines play.

A FINE summer morning, heightening all the beauties of Champlain, added another stimulus to the merry note of the captain, as he reminded his crew that the hour of departure had arrived. In the midst of his orders his attention was solicited by an old woman, whose age and miserable appearance would have excited no other emotion than compassion, had it not been, that from under a bonnet which imperfectly covered her disordered cap and grisly locks, a pair of sunken, but piercing eyes, emitted a glance of such a character as to create a stronger and less amiable feeling. Affecting an air of carelessness, she accosted him with "Well, captain, I am going to St. John's with you, but I shall not pay my passage."

"Indeed, old mother," replied he, "we don't take passengers on those terms ; that would be but a losing concern, you know."

With a lowering brow and muttering something about "more than he deserved already," she turned round, and was soon lost in the crowd ; while the captain, in the bustle of getting under way, forgot both her and her application. The usual confusion prevailed. Some who had lingered to the last moment with their parting friends, had

scarce time to bestow their tearful benediction, and in the hurrying cry of "There! shore!" lost the poignant sense of separation. Others, with their hands, intent only on the commissions with which they had burthened the travellers, vociferated with increased eagerness their injunctions about "Montreal mocasins," "bark-work," "nun's work," &c. &c. attaching an importance to these trifles, that appeared to be graduated rather by the trouble it should cost to procure them, than by any rare beauty or ingenuity in the articles; while those whom no object but idle curiosity had attracted to the scene, were only interested to secure their retreat. These, as they turned to behold the gay groupe assembled on the deck, occupied themselves with observations on the passengers. "There they go," cried one, "as fine a boat full as the lake ever bore! I am sure the captain's pockets must be well lined if he very often makes such trips as this." "Yes," replied another, with a countenance and tone expressive of no friendly feelings to the individual who was the subject of the remark; "yes, you may say so—our schooners had no such good luck. It seems as if the people were mad after these steam-boats! If they only took their share, it would do; but we lads don't get enough to keep us in tobacco; and on the waters of our own lake too! sink 'em!"

As he was thus pouring forth his ineffectual spleen, his neighbour, jogging his arm, said, in a somewhat subdued tone,

"I say Sam, do you know that they've a new

Engineer aboard, in the place of that York lad ? I guess he'll keep the ship's way for them."

Here their voices sunk into indistinct whispers, entirely overpowered by the noisy remarks of two or three Whitehall lasses, who were speculating on a fair lady leaning on the protecting arm of a gentleman.

"What a pretty creature she is," said one, "wonder who she is!"

"I can tell you," replied one of her companions, with a self-complacent and knowing air which revealed the indefatigable chamber-maid of the Whitehall hotel; of whom it was the common remark that no traveller had ever entered the house, whose name, and lineage, character, profession, and destination, had not been unravelled by this damsel; 'I can tell you;' her name is Mrs. Lawrence: she has been married just six weeks, and that's her husband. She was born in Philadelphia, but she lives in New-York. Her husband's father is a great merchant there, and he is rich enough himself to go travelling all over the country. They are going to Montreal, Quebec, &c. &c." and she ran on with a detail minute enough to weary any, but the identical persons who composed her audience; and whose ill concealed envy, of the numerous opportunities of information which she enjoyed in the eligible situation of chamber-maid of the Bald Eagle, gave increased zest to the pleasure with which she contemplated that distinguished period of her life.

"And what, Lois," asked a third, "takes that strange old woman on board the

Lois, who knew instinctively the little arts by which small minds maintain their influence over those still smaller, concealed her real ignorance of the stranger's designs, by shaking her head, and making with her finger a sign of caution. The girls restrained, though very unwillingly, their stimulated curiosity; for they had learned that whenever Lois shook her head, there was nothing more to be obtained from her; while as she never failed, whatever might be the event, to remind them of the ambiguous gesture; this little artifice, the mere refuge of her ignorance, served to confirm her oracular pretensions.

In the meantime the vessel was pursuing her course through the narrow passage of the lake, strangely denominated *South Bay*; and while to the eye of superstition, the smoke that issued from her bowels, the wheels which appeared like immense feet to paw the deep, and the incessant noise of the machinery, would have pictured "a dragon of the wave!" she presented to the intelligent observer one of the noblest triumphs of science. To no one was she more an object of admiration than to Mrs. Lawrence, the lady who had so exercised the inquisitorial genius of Lois Hubbell; nor was this lady's taste less gratified as her eye surveyed the elegant accommodations of the spacious cabin. Delighted with the attainments of American ingenuity, she felt an individual pride in this moving palace, floating on the distant waters of Champlain, which, but a few years since, sustained only the simple canoe of the wild

Indian. From the boat itself her mind turned to her fellow-travellers, the number and appearance of whom gave another proof the advance of her country. For though some, like herself, were among those children of affluence, who, in every land, can indulge their taste and their curiosity, the majority was evidently from that class, which, elsewhere, is seldom released from the drudgery of their shops and their trades, and whose minds, like their bodies, are confined to the little space within which they exercise their several callings. But here every body travels; and though one consequence of this is, that now and then a solitary remnant of decaying aristocracy is annoyed by the unceremonious approach of those, who, in the days of our colonial etiquette, would not have presumed to pass the outer court, yet a liberal and benevolent mind must delight in the spectacle of a whole people going forth in quest of knowledge and happiness; unrestrained by any monopolies, either of wealth, rank, or steam-boat navigation. On the present occasion, Mrs. Lawrence escaped all annoyance of this nature, except that as she adjusted her hair, after removing her hat, a smartly dressed young woman requested the loan of her comb, for the same purpose; and another seating herself by her side, familiarly took up a book, with which she had provided herself; but on discovering that it was not *English*, returned it, avoiding however, with American shrewdness and self-possession, all comment or inquiry, which could make it appear that

there was *any language* with which she was unacquainted.

Mrs. Lawrence having cast a speculating glance at her companions, opened her book, and was soon absorbed in its contents. While thus engaged, she did not perceive that she was, herself, the object of attention. An inquiry as to the hour of the day, in a voice of very peculiar intonation, fell on her ear; but, unconscious that it was addressed to herself, she continued her employment, when the following words, in the same voice, now tremulous from rising anger, arrested her attention.

“Are you too proud to reply to my civil question?”

Turning round, she ascertained that they were directed to herself, by a female, who had hitherto been concealed in the corner of the cabin, by the drapery of one of the births, which, escaping from its confinement, had fallen so as to screen her. Her countenance once seen, was not easily forgotten. Her eyes, where the fire of youth appeared to be supplied with no holy flame, sent forth their scrutiny beneath brows, arched upon a forehead of more than common character; her features were strongly marked, and a powerful intellect still illuminated them; but it was a light that only served to make more visible, the malignant passions inscribed there. Her hair, gray and neglected, strayed on either side of her face, and added nothing reverend to her countenance. Her stature, not above the middle height, seemed pur-

posely bent and contracted, as if to add to the singularity of her appearance ; for when excited to natural action, erect and vigorous, she appeared to dilate beyond the ordinary size. Her clothing, amidst a general aspect of poverty, showed some indications of better days ; but these were rather betrayed, than displayed ; while the wearer seemed studiously to exhibit whatever could render her revolting, and even terrific.

Mrs. Lawrence, who felt alarmed she scarcely knew why, instinctively drew forth her watch to satisfy the inquiry.

" Think you," cried the old woman, " that I need the aid of that glittering bauble to trace for me the march of the sun in the heavens ?"

" I thought," answered Mrs. Lawrence, " that you—"

" I did it but to try you," interrupted her angry respondent, " and find, as ever, the fairer the face the fouler the heart ! Look at me, vain one," continued she, " Expect you to count as many hours as I have, because your golden trinket can record them ? Alike perishable are you both ! But that tiny hand shall move, when yours is still ; those burnished wheels shall revolve, when your life-current has ceased to circulate ; the spring of that machine shall retain all its activity, when your heart no longer beats ; and its radiant diamond shall sparkle, when your bright eyes shall have banqueted the worm !"

Astonished at the language, as much as she was before struck with the appearance of the woman,

Mrs. Lawrence was hesitating for a reply, when her husband's voice, inviting her to the deck, she ascended the stairs to meet him. Her countenance exhibiting traces of the emotions she had just experienced, led to an explanation.

"She is probably insane," he remarked, "and I'll see that you are no longer subjected to this disturbance." And on applying to the captain, he pronounced her "an impertinent hag, who designed to cheat him out of his fare," and, ordering her on deck, issued his commands for putting her ashore.

She soon made her appearance, following unresistingly the man who had been despatched for her.

"Ah ! old lady," said the captain, (as he recognised the same woman who had so unceremoniously announced her intention of going with him to St. John's) "we shall make your voyage shorter than you expect."

"Have a care of thine own voyage, presumptuous mortal," replied she : then throwing back her cloak, which had till then in part concealed her person, and extending her right arm, which, withered and livid, appeared the spoil of the tomb : "Think not," she exclaimed, "that this arm is powerless : not exhausting years have drained its juices, or contracted its muscles, but deeds, from which the quivering flesh shrinks, and the blood retreats to its fountain !"

"Such flashy talk will not avail with us, goody," replied the captain. "If I had doubted before, whether it were best to get rid of you, I should

certainly hesitate no longer after such fine speechifying. Jed," cried he to a man at some distance, "let down the boat."

The old woman wrapped her cloak about her, and contemplated, with apparent indifference, the preparations for her departure. When all was ready, Jed stepped forward, and presenting his hand to assist her; "Old madam," said he, turning his quid, "give us your *left* hand, if you please."

Without accepting his offered arm, she descended to the boat—the oars dipped in the wave, and the rippling of the water at its bow, announced its progress; when stretching forth her withered limb, and raising her eyes, she pronounced some unintelligible words. Instantly a crash among the machinery was heard, and the motion of the vessel was evidently obstructed. On a signal from the captain, the little boat put back, and the men jumped on board to contribute their assistance in repairing the mischief. It was found to be slight, and in a short time Jed and his companion were directed to return to their office of esquires to the old lady.

"It's d——n'd queer," said Jed, "that that old stump should stop our engine."

The captain either affected not to perceive, or did not, that there was any connexion between the action of the woman, and the interruption of his vessel. "Make haste, lads," said he, "we must lose as little time as possible."

The old woman, darting a look of malignant

meaning at the captain, said slowly but emphatically, "Make haste, my lads! Do my bidding, ye spirits that await my word!" and again extending her unsightly arm, and again repeating her incantations, once more the stately vessel, as if controlled by unseen hands, was arrested in its progress. The captain, with a slight alteration in his countenance and voice, but endeavouring to conceal it by an affected displeasure, and directing it against the engineer, exclaimed, "What the d—l are you about there? You better understand your business before you undertake to direct my boat."

"His business!" retorted the old woman; "It is but to *obey* where he cannot control."

Astonishment, not unmixed with fear, sat on every face. Jed, without waiting for orders, again brought the little boat alongside; and glad to leave his fearful companion, hastened to ascertain the cause of this second interruption.

After a short delay the machine was again in order, and Jed resumed his oft vacated seat, not without secretly wishing that the old witch was where he had no doubt she properly belonged. And now again the little bark skims the wave, and the Phoenix, as if rejoicing to be released from her strange thralldom, pursues her course triumphantly! For a few moments all went well, and the captain began to congratulate those who were gathered around him, upon the prospect of deliverance from any farther trouble, when their incomprehensible tormentor rising, throwing back her cloak, again stretching forth her instrument of

mischievous, and elevating her voice so as to be distinctly heard by the astonished and affrighted passengers, exclaimed, "Tempt ye thus my power? behold how I sign your destruction! how I inscribe on the viewless air the reward of your folly!" and making several movements with her shrivelled fingers, as if tracing a sentence, which she at the same time pronounced in a language utterly unintelligible, the vessel was suddenly impeded, while, together with a crash of iron, was heard a shriek, which appeared to proceed from the quarter occupied by the engineer. Thither they hastened, and found him prostrate, groaning with pain. Upon examination they discovered that his shoulder was dislocated and his arm broken. The utmost confusion and consternation prevailed. The captain, though a man of resolute temper, was nevertheless not proof against unearthly terrors, which indeed his early associations rather fitted him for the influence of. His changing colour and uncertain movements for some moments betrayed his agitation; but his natural manliness at length getting the better of his superstitious fears, he turned with a rallying air to his men, exclaiming, "Shame to us boys! if we suffer that hag to fool us out of our passage." Then observing that Jed, as usual, was veering about, he hallooed to him in a tone in which terror and passion were ludicrously mingled, "I tell you, Jed, if you bring that cursed creature on board again, I'll sink you both; put her ashore, I tell you, at your peril!" Obedient to his orders, the little boat continued its

course towards the land, but its strange occupant had not yet exhausted her indignation. Elevating her voice to a key nearly super-human, she thus addressed the captain :

“ Think'st thou by mortal force to bind
Powers of magic ! Powers of mind ?
The *present*, that is all that's thine,
The coming *future* all is mine.
But briefer space than that shall do
To make a fool his folly rue.
Three annual circuits of the sun
Shall see my work of vengeance done.
And then, when all your glory's o'er,
Ashes, where beauty was before :
When raging flames their part complete,
And Death prepares his winding sheet,
When woes you count, *one, two, and three,*
Then, then, rash man, remember me ! ”

The last words, mingling with the gale, seemed like the voice of the spirit of the air. The boat touched the shore ; and the old woman, folding her mantle around her, and stepping forth, was soon lost in the shades of the forest that extended nearly to the margin of the water ; while Jed, leaving the boat in the guardianship of his companion, set about a secret commission, with which the captain, in the terrors excited by the second interruption of his vessel, had entrusted him, and which was no other than to obtain from a *blacksmith*, at least seven miles in the country, a *certain piece of iron*, that he deemed an effectual barrier to any future diabolical attempts, but which I forbear to mention, lest a resort to so vulgar a talisman should destroy the whole effect of my lake legend.

Whatever precautions, however, the captain had recourse to, a mysterious connexion appeared to subsist between this strange being and some important events of his life. That year the magnificent Phoenix, on board which this incident occurred, was destroyed by fire, the passengers scarcely escaping with their lives. The next year a fine boat on the stocks, nearly completed, met with the same fate, and the whole bitterness of the denunciation was fulfilled in the death of a very favourite child. After the expiration of the three years, the term allotted by the old woman for the accomplishment of her vengeance, she again appeared, and demanded a passage *gratis* on board the new boat, the *Congress*. The captain, recognising her instantly, hesitated not to comply; only remarking that as the wind was ahead, he hoped she would give them a fair one. As if to show at once her art and her restored good humour, she again waved her apparently powerless hand, and again uttered her unintelligible jargon. The unfriendly breeze retreated, and in a few hours the wind, fast rising from a favourable quarter, and the waves, rapidly returning upon the boat's wake, proved to the already excited minds of the captain and his crew, the mysterious influence of the *Witch of Champlain*.

It is said, that the imagination of the captain of the Phoenix, whose great respectability invariably procured him the good will of his passengers, has not yet entirely recovered from the terrors, associated with the memory of this extraordinary old

woman, notwithstanding the fact that some disclosures, arising from a rupture between old associates in guilt, and which took place shortly after the events above related, verified a conjecture which was formed at the time, that the disasters mentioned were produced through the agency of one of the hands. This man, whose arts of legerdemain were not superior to those of common conjurors, had continued to conceal from observation the means by which he occasioned the injury done to the machinery. It is necessary to add, that he and the witch were old acquaintances, and that there was a secret understanding between them. Their friendship is said to have subsisted until their malice was exhausted, by the last of the two fires above mentioned, which were both set by his hand.

The reader will recollect that I parted with my old acquaintance at Schenectady, having there taken the stage on my return to Albany; nothing arrested my attention till, as I approached the Capitol at the latter place, the driver got down for a moment to adjust the harness of his horses; when a girl stopping, suddenly, opposite a sign-post, cried out, (with the palm of one hand extended, the forefinger of the other beating time to her voice upon it) "F, o, r, For, b, e, y, be,—Forbey;" upon which I observed, that this was the *name* on the *sign*; and it immediately occurred to me, that she might be one of six poor girls,

whom I had heard read in Mr. Dale's Lancaster School, and who were said to read with *more skill* than any other six persons in that city. Now I could not help saying to myself, "It is like enough, that here is a girl who may be the mother of a boy that will make his fortune without the aid of witchcraft."

The Canal and Troy.

FROM Albany to Troy, you may go by land or water. I travelled upon the canal, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was filled with the waters of the Mohawk, or "the tears of the people," which some gentlemen in the legislature of the state of New-York six years since predicted it would be, from *their* apprehension of the enormous and fruitless expense of that undertaking. The waters were dark and muddy, and as a tear is a pure bright pearly thing, it was quite plain that the prophecy was not verified. As I stepped on board of the boat, I saw a man taking off his pack, and seating himself on the head of a barrel at the bow. He looked like a hardy traveller on foot, as his shoes were iron-shod, like those of many of my countrymen, when they arrive here. Upon looking up and down the *ditch*, he appeared pleased. I was attracted by his countenance, and told him that if the barrel was large enough, I would take half of it, which he surrendered willingly. Now I must here state, to my distant rea-

der, if any such there should be, that in America, travellers, though strangers, fall into conversation about as naturally as two curs keep company, after the first salutation is over. That being the case, I observed to my companion, "that he looked as well pleased, as though his pack was carried by four horses." "I am pleased," said he, "for I was thinking just as you came up, that this was *my* canal; or that at any rate I was one of the company that made and own it, though I have never seen a foot of it till lately. I have just returned from a visit to my friends at the eastward, having gone from Penyan, in the western part of this state, where, having worked hard for two years, I earned in that time, a good one-horse waggon, and horse. My horse getting lame, I was obliged to leave him with a cousin at Auburn, and I was thinking just as you came up, that waggon and horse together, would not pay for twenty rods of this canal, and that still I was a full partner in the concern." "Yes," said I, "I see you have the American blood running in your veins: you will have your fingers in every pie: it's your own canal: you obtained permission to make it, at Lexington and Bennington. I suppose you are quite sure too, that it does not belong to the king, nor the king's son, nor the duke of Bridgewater, and that it is not filled with the tears of the people."

"Not crying tears," said he, "but of the *other kind of tears*, I know there are some in it; for I was foolish enough, I could not help it, when I

first came upon the canal, and saw at Auburn, what Mr. Clinton and the people had been doing." A pleasant hour spent on the head of a barrel often satisfies the traveller, that he need not go to the end of the world to find an agreeable companion, and that a man with a pack on his back, may have better wares to dispose of than many imagine. Besides, in America, appearances are often uncertain, as is sometimes the sea when you approach land : to know the *depth* you must *sound*. In a short time we arrived at Troy. This is a fine little city, which shows what an enterprising people can do in a free country, who are permitted to take care of themselves.

Commencement of the Tour Eastward.

At that hour of the morning, when the cocks are satisfied that a bright moon does not deceive them, but that the day has actually appeared, I took my seat with the coachman, and my departure *eastward*.

In good weather I prefer this seat ; for on the eastern routes I have often observed, that the man who has the reins is the most knowing and agreeable person about the coach, which I attribute to the circumstance, that these men are generally *partners in the establishment*. What a blessed thing it is to be an owner ! In this country, the people have a full share in the canals, roads, colleges, schools, post-coaches, &c. &c. ; but Eu-

rope, poor Europe ! though filled with knowledge among the great, is also filled with misery. These coachmen are civil, attentive, careful, and generally put you down with as many whole bones as you had upon entering the coach. I say I took my seat to travel *eastward* ; towards ~~that~~ land where, in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-two, in the good county of Essex, Massachusetts Bay, a presentment was made by a grand jury, in the words following, to wit :*

“ The jurors for our sovereign lord and lady, the king and queen, do present, that George Burroughs, late of Falmouth, in the province of Massachusetts Bay, clerk, the ninth day of May in the fourth year of the reign of our sovereign lord and lady, William and Mary by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, and Ireland, king and queen, defenders of the faith, &c. and divers other days and times as well before as after, certain detestable arts called witchcraft and sorceries, wickedly and feloniously hath used, practised and exercised, at and within the town of Salem, in the county of Essex, aforesaid, and upon one Mary Wolcott, of Salem village, in the county of Essex, single woman : by which said wicked arts, the said Mary Wolcott on the ninth day of May, in the fourth year above said, and divers other days and times, as well before as after, was and is tortured and tormented against the peace of our sovereign lord

* Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts Bay.

and lady the king and queen, and against the form of the statute in such case made and provided." Endorsed "*Billa vera*," in plain English, "a true bill." George Burroughs was convicted, the evidence being strong ; for among other circumstances, it appeared, that being a little man, he had performed feats beyond the strength of a giant ; to wit, had held out a gun of *seven feet* barrel with *one* hand, and had carried a barrel full of cider from a canoe to the shore. At his execution, he said the Lord's prayer correctly. There were then many who thought that he who could do that, must be innocent : nothing, however, could save him : off he swung upon the authority of those eminent lawyers, whom I have so often heard cited by the professional gentlemen, Keble and Dalton ; and what may seem incredible, that of the great and good sir Matthew Hale !——I beg pardon of the reader for this long digression from an account of my tour, but what old coachman does not like to hear the crack of a whip ? I sell so many books which I am obliged to read, or rather cream, in order to sell to more advantage, that I cannot always forego the pleasure of letting the reader know what I know myself. I say I took my course *eastward*, to that land where the people are kind and gentle ; always ready on the road to say 'good evening, sir,' though the night be dark, and the traveller cannot distinguish whether you be black or white, a man or woman ; where an *Irishman* may see what to him is a sight at any

time, that is, a *man* milking ; but where he cannot see another sight familiar to him at home, a *man* knitting ; where the men take care of the cattle and the women of the children ; where the ladies are so much in the habit of putting on their own garters, of dressing and undressing themselves, that I doubt whether there are to be found in all that land, one dozen maids who perform these offices for their mistresses—where many of the regulations so essential in the polished society of England, are disregarded ; so much so, that among their water privileges, school privileges, gospel privileges, and other numerous privileges, they may eat on the same plate roast-beef and boiled turnips, without being set down for Hottentots—where the men go to church, that is, the tailors, shoemakers, butchers and all, in black and blue coats, and plaid cloaks ; the women and girls in leghorn hats ; and where also the male population appear at the ballot-boxes in the same coats and cloaks when they vote for electors who are to choose our king, Mr. Adams or General Jackson, often not forgetting their *gloves*. This is the happy country to which I bent my course.

The train of my thoughts corresponded with the pleasing scene around and before me. My time, thus far upon the journey, had been well employed : I had seen in New-York what law can effect, and that to *gape aloud* is an American's birth-right ; on board the steam-boat had witnessed the respect in which these people hold their women, and that even a low-bred creature cannot be

thrown overboard for ill manners merely ; had revived my acquaintance with Lady Lightfoot, and my London friend ; and while these happy thoughts were coursing through my immaterial system, as the blood does from the heart to the tips of the fingers, my reverie, if reverie it could be called, was interrupted by the driver, who asked, as a man brushed by us on horseback, " Did you observe that man ?" " Not much," said I, " I only saw that he had a monstrous beard on his face."—" Oh, yes," said he, " he has not been shaved these three weeks.—He is an acquaintance of mine, and used to be famous for not shaving more than once a month. Now, however, he shaves about as often as people in general ; it is very uncommon to see him with so long a beard."

" But you don't mean," said I, " that people shave oftener than formerly ?"—" As often again, that is, the people whom I know."—" Why that is an improvement," said I.—" Yes, our people do improve in these things."

" What else," said I, " have you observed ?" " Why," said he, " many things. They don't swear as much ; they are not so vulgar ; and I, being a stage-driver, witness a kinder treatment of horses. A man now, who knocks a horse down in the street, because he wont go, has all the children and women in the neighbourhood upon him at once." " Ay," said I, " man or horse, the club system is the worst."

" Do you observe," said he, " that off-leader ?

he is the best horse in my team, and I bought him the day after the owner had beaten him to a jelly in vain, in order to force him to go quietly on the lead. It would not do; they made another trial; at that moment I came up, and knowing that the horse had good qualities, bought him on the spot. I took him out of the harness, and as I wanted him immediately, was resolved, if possible, that he should perform his duty. Now I fear that you will think, that my dose was as bad as kindling a great straw fire under his belly, which I have seen practised, but I don't think so, or I should not have pursued the course I did. After all, I can't say that it would answer with any other horse, 'for what is one man's meat is another man's poison.' But as I was observing, I took the horse out of the harness, tied his head to his tail with a strong halter, so that he was obliged to whirl round and round and round, till down he fell: I then unloosed him, and tied him again, and so the third time, when I put him to the coach, and to this day, as I told you, he is the best horse in the team?"

"But," said I, "how could your whirl-a-gig have produced such a change in him?"—"I can't tell; it seemed to break the chain of his ideas; and perhaps a horse has more sense than we suppose; and he might have thought, that I made him cut a more ridiculous figure than ever horse did. Neither man nor woman likes to be laughed at, and it may be the same thing with a horse.

"I know a man who was a great drunkard,

though very decent in every other particular. He used to get drunk at a neighbouring tavern, and, unlike most drunkards, go home at ten o'clock at night, in very good humour. The first thing he did was to sweep the floor, and then pour water on the hearth and mop it up. It happened that one night, at the accustomed hour, he came home sober, and as he passed the window of his kitchen, he saw his two negroes, reeling and staggering about the room, one with a broom in his hand, the other with a mop. He stared a moment ; but the joke made him so contemptible in his own eyes, that it seemed wholly to break the chain of his ideas, and he is now a sober man."

"As," said I, "you have changed your discourse from horse to man, which, after all, is the more valuable animal of the two, what shall we do with the drunkards in this country?"

"Oh," said he, "I know not, unless we bury all the dead ones under water-spouts, that the live ones may see what they are coming too ; for there is nothing they hate so much as *water*."

Hoosack Mountain.

FINDING that the coachman was an agreeable person, and that I was in good society, we travelled during the morning pleasantly, and at length commenced the ascent of Hoosack Mountain. The roads were bad after heavy rains, and we moved slowly and with difficulty ; at length, when we

had accomplished half of the ascent, and had arrived at one of the worst parts of the road, so much so, that the driver was obliged to go to the right and out of his course ; I observed, on the side, what appeared to be a monumental stone, with an inscription. The passengers in the coach observing the same thing, called out to the driver to stop, and let them see what that was. We all read as follows—" Here lies the body of , esquire, of , who, on the day of , in the year ; when-driving his loaded waggon, the horses taking fright, was thrown under the wheels; which passing directly over his head, precipitated him, in the twinkling of an eye, from time into eternity." To this were appended some excellent obituary lines upon the character of the man, which I cannot repeat.

The coachman observed, drily, though somewhat in a pet, " that he thought, they had better have spared the expense in that way, and put it on the road." " No," said I, " you are wrong ; this is an American sight; you will not see the like of this in many of the countries through which I have travelled; where a man who drives a waggon lives like a dog, is suffered to die like a dog in a kennel, in the midst of vermin and filth, and when dead, is thrown with his rags into the first hole that can be scratched in the ground for him. Here is an honest laborious man, who is buried with as much respect as any in the land ; but in Europe, where war, violence, and murder have

familiarized men almost as much to the sight of the dead as of the living, a man is worth but little more than any other animal, and often not so much. Yes, *yes*, this is an *American* sight, let us make much of it ; besides, there are not so many of us here. There, a man can hardly turn his back to his plate, without fearing that another will rob him of his half- icked bones. Only think of a country like China, which to be sure I have never seen, but there is no doubt of the fact; where a mother can tear her own infant flesh and blood from her breast, and throw it into the jaws of a shark, and this to save it from misery !”

The driver seemed to think I was right, for he said gently, “ I knew the *Squire*, he was a clever man ;” then to his horses, “ Come, Dobbins, let us not mind the road, take away your legs, they will mend it, as soon as the hurry of harvest is over.”

Shortly after having ascended Hoosack mountain, we exchanged horses and coach, and, to my regret, our driver also, whom I shook by the hand, and bade farewell, having thanked him for much of the pleasure of the morning. We were soon on the line of Vermont, and it was not long before we arrived at Bennington. Here I was informed that the gentlemen of the *turf*, with the laudable intention of improving the breed of *men and horses*, had introduced at that place, some years before, annual races ; but that the legislature, entertaining a different opinion, had forbidden, by law, the continuance of the sport.

When I commenced the history of these travels, I meant in justice to the reader, to adhere to a rule, which I know is not inviolably observed by all tourists; that is, not to take up much of his time in informing him whether my breakfast was made of hot or cold bread; for I have observed, that though a severe anguish in the stomach is very interesting to the sufferer, one's friends do not feel the pain so severely. But as many curious readers have an itching to hear every particular in regard to any odd person, I will fairly tell him that I never eat *hot* bread, burn *green* wood, nor have I married a *young* wife; which three articles together, the French say, make a house a desert; but the lovers of hot rolls, may, if they choose, eat the best *looking* that I ever saw, at Mr. Hill's, a true traveller's home, at the foot of the hill in Arlington, and from Bennington, I think, eighteen miles; at which former place I arrived, weary and covered with dust, in a gig, at four o'clock in the afternoon, having left the stage on account of private business.

Arlington and Mount Holyoke.

Go where you may in this wide world, nine people out of ten will, after a slight glance at your face, look at your coat and shirt, in order to ascertain your rank; this being the case, and I being a lover of good fare as well as others, though

the cut of my coat be plain, take care that its material shall be fine, and my shirt of the same quality. I must do justice to my landlord, however, by observing, ~~that~~ when I arrived at the door, he stepped quickly ~~up~~ to my chair and asked promptly if I would alight, and before he could have remarked either of those circumstances. Whether it be fancy or fact, I cannot be quite positive, and therefore leave that to the reader ; I imagine however already, that I perceive in the Vermont people a quicker step than marks my adopted countrymen on Long ~~Mand~~, on Connecticut river, or on any of the fat lands below. If it be so, as all virtues and vices, whether private or public, may be referred to causes, I attribute this characteristic difference to the mountainous country which these people have chosen for their residence, for there are so many hills, and wherever there is one to ascend there must be another to go down, that with the waddle of a duck their business would never be accomplished. Therefore it is, that they turn ~~time~~ into money, and move quicker than the farming people of Northampton, in Massachusetts, one of whom I once overtook on the road, as I was going with a friend to see Mount Holyoke. We were in a chair, and he in an ox cart, and when we had arrived at the tail of the cart, he observed very civilly, as we requested him to stop a moment and let us pass, that he was going to turn off in a moment, pointing to a road that led over those oily meadows ~~to the~~ right, about eight rods ahead. My friend observing, that he never suffered

"the grass to grow under his horses' feet," brushed by the cart, and when it had arrived at the diverging point, we looked back and found ourselves about a quarter of a mile in advance; a few moments more bringing us to the river, where you pass the ferry, and where the reader (after having pardoned this rambling digression) may at certain times of wind, hear one of the finest echoes in the United States; not equal to be sure to that of the lake of Killarney, but where the Old Gentleman, standing on tiptoe in the hills, with his gloomy arm of Mount Holyoke extended on one side, Mount Tom on the other, his wide jaws open between them, will, if you say "Paddy Whack!" give it back to you as good as you send.

But to return to my story; a true Traveller's Home was Mr. Hill's; I found every thing there agreeable; my landlord, though evidently able to be above that business, was himself the hostler, and in fifteen minutes had, I doubt not, made my horse as happy as I was myself, both being clean in that time, and ready for our provender; mine proving excellent, and as I am not governed in eating by rules, merely because they prevailed two centuries since, I turned my dinner into supper, and took coffee, with which, and the other bounties provided, such as are common in this full-fed country, bread, gingerbread, toast, butter, a cold cut of beef, virgin honey, cheese, and pickles, all sweet to a hungry man, I made my repast. My stay at this pleasant house was short, but I could not leave its inmates without taking a hearty shake-hand farewell

of the master and mistress, thanking them not only for the good cheer, but agreeable society; for though money pays for the former, it cannot for the latter; and in my intercourse with mankind, I do not like to be always on the debtor side. Besides, I have found a secret in travelling, which to me greatly enhances its pleasures; and that is, that my food digests quicker, and my horse travels faster, or I imagine that they do, which is all one, when I have taken a little pains, and you need not go far out of the way for that, to leave the host and hostess happier than I found them, in that respect remembering a saying of Louis the fourteenth, "that one cannot do good at every moment, but can always say things that please." *Shaking hands* too, in this country, is the fashion: it is one of the *privileges*. No man is so great as to be allowed to put his hand in his pocket, when that sign of good-fellowship is proffered. Should he do so, not another hat would be stirred for him in all the land. This is indeed a fine country, which forces a man to be happy whether he will or not, and where almost the only privilege not allowed, is that of being silent, stiff, proud, and miserable.

On the Road.

THOUGH not indeed miserable, I here met with a pecuniary disappointment which gave me trouble; and though I travelled in my gig, I might as well, as I heretofore advertised the reader, have

been in the belly of the fish ; for my ears were sealed, and my eyes were closed. Ruminating upon my little troubles; though my material system was carried forward, the soul moved not ; and though I do not doubt that ~~the~~ this day passed in her journey many of those crystal lakes so frequent in this mountainous country, which seem as though they were made to enable the beautiful woods which surround them, to see their fine faces, to dress and undress by, as ladies do in a mirror, still they were unheeded ; and though I passed many miles, and twice stopped for refreshment, I cannot at this moment recollect a single circumstance worthy the attention of the reader. In this moody state I went forward, till observing two young men who were employed by the road side, I suddenly stopped my horse, and asked one of them the distance ~~to the~~ top of Manchester mountain. "Ten miles, sir, by the steel-yards." I saw that he was indulging his humour, and repeated the question ; when he answered playfully and respectfully, "ten miles, sir, exactly." This little incident, trifling as it was, snapped the chain of unhappy thoughts, which was coiling about my soul, and left her as free and as happy as when she took leave of her Arlington friends. What is this fine thing, the soul, which came from God and will return to him ? that is so easily lifted up or thrust down by a trifling circumstance like that I have mentioned ; which a single cup of Mrs Hill's coffee will render contented, gay and happy, and which at the same time, by an equal measure of

brandy, may be thrown into the ~~darkness~~ of despair, where the lights are put out—where the bells are always tolling—where there are ~~no~~ carriages but hearses—no dresses but those of mourning?

Reader, whether thou dost, or dost not, inhabit either the hills or the valleys of that innocent, laborious little State, where the waters are so pure, and the grass so green, take the advice of a friend, and live soberly, “live by the line;” so that your soul, which must live on, may continue in innocence, in some happy region; where the lights are bright, the colours pleasing, the flowers fragrant, the breezes healthful, and rendered doubly so by the presence of benevolent beings, all in eager pursuit of the same objects with thyself. “Ten miles, exactly,” brought me to the summit of Manchester mountain, where a solid, substantial brick house invited me to its door.

The Innkeeper.

THE host appeared; a pleasing old man, whose countenance said right out, “I thank you sir for calling.” He had on a coat after the fashion of the *bayonet* coats, which skirted the calf of his legs, and looked like an *heir-loom*, that had passed through the battle of Bennington; an old wool hat, striped cotton pantaloons, and whom another might and actually did take for the *hostler*, but

whom I knew pretty well the cut of the coat, and the people, recognised to be the proprietor of the tenement. The old gentleman was instantly busy about my horse, and always moved upon a dog-trot, like the quick cattle up and down these mountains. The landlady next appeared, and inquired what I would have for my breakfast, offering me *sausage-meat and fresh trout*. I closed with the latter article, when a moment after, she re-appeared, with the deepest mortification expressed in her face, and announced that the cat had made the same choice, and before me.

Reader, pardon all these digressions : my travels, to be read at all, must be like your country stores, a 'variety shop.' Some like fish, some flesh, some think a pill a sugar-plum ; and I who know you need some wholesome medicine, do desire, if I can, to administer it, wrapped up in that sweet thing. Having determined to refresh my horse, and spend the day at this inn, I was desirous of becoming familiar with its owner and his family, and particularly as I have found out in this country, that the cut of the coat is not the whole of the man, and that there is many a good nut enclosed in a rough shell. In the course of the day, we passed over the farm : all was neatness and order. The landlord promised to give me, in the evening, some portion of his history. After tea, the old man came in, took his pipe, and seated himself for an evening's chat. "So," said I, "what induces a man like you, living in this brick house, and the owner, with all the comforts about it, to turn

hostler, and wait upon such sort of ~~folks~~ as myself?" "Oh," said he, "that ~~is my~~ fine : besides, on these mountains, we love work ; and I should hang myself on one of my apple-trees, if I had nothing to do." "Pray," said I, "what brought you on these mountains?" "Nothing, nothing at all, but love and poverty, sir." I am a farmer, and so were my father and grandfather before me. At twenty-one I fell in love, put a handkerchief over my eyes, and jumped into the fire ; that is, I got married. My father was poor, but you know that in this country no man ever dreams of starving ; and I was satisfied that some how or other, bones would be provided for me and my wife to pick. We came on these mountains, when there were more wolves' than men's tracks to be seen : my wife had two cows and ten sheep ; our whole stock in trade. I purchased upon credit one hundred acres of land, and in two years paid for it ; and then I felt like Robinson Crusoe, "the monarch of all I surveyed." You know how a young man feels with a young wife, an only child, and all things going well. I look back upon the time now, and see it all over again, but still dimly. I remember one night, that my wife and I were sitting at our log-house door, the moon was full and bright, when I amused myself in counting the stumps of the trees that I had cut down the first season. I don't remember the number now, but Bonaparte never was prouder in recounting his battles. While I was counting the *stumps*, my wife was numbering

the stars, ~~but~~ I got through first ; and observing that she was looking steadfastly at one brighter than the rest ; " oh," said I, " I am sorry I cannot reach high enough to get it for you ; there is nothing however, within my grasp, that I will not try for." " But," said the old gentleman, " this is all foolery. I am an old man now, as you see. I have nearly eaten up all my cake, for cake it has been, from the moment that my mother filled our dinner-box, upon leaving home for these mountains, to this period. Things have gone well with us, and our children too. In one respect, I have always strained a point ; that is, in giving them the best education in my power, and particularly my *daughters* ; never having forgotten a saying, which my father used to repeat to my mother, " if you will be a lord, your wife must be equal to you."

Two of my sons have already left me ; they are both in Ohio. You know that in this country they crawl off like the young partridges, with the egg-shells on their backs. I have two more, which brings me to the explanation of my residence in this brick house. The land which I bought, upon coming on the mountains, lies about five miles off ; it is occupied by the eldest of my two sons, now remaining at home ; this place I intend for the youngest, as I could not think of letting all the children leave me, for I know that I shall want one staff before long, and perhaps two. You can't have two peas alike ; my youngest son is different from the rest ; he is a musical fellow,

plays on the fiddle, and keeps a spaniel; out of the fiddle and the dog he seems to me to get more pleasure in one week, than most people do in a lifetime. The dog's tail, with a kind word now and then from the master, keeps pretty good time with the fiddle; and my boy's mind always keeps time with it also, for he is the best tempered fellow in the world. I have heard that your fiddlers and musical folks are a kind-hearted race, and I suppose it is, because their souls are always in tune. My youngest son shows how things are born with us; for his great-grandmother, for the want of any other instrument, played the violin, with her bonnet off, in face of the blue laws, (which then hung up inside of the church door,) at the dedication of our Winchester meeting-house. I have heard old people say, if you want to spoil a boy, give him a dog, or a fiddle, or a horse; but that depends upon the kind of boy, and the bringing up. Mine is as industrious a fellow as I desire; always kept a penny ahead; and after his task was done, while his fellows were bestriding a fence, and whittling a stick, to see how many times they could cut it square and round, before it was cut up, he was drawing short and long strokes upon the fiddle, for a new tune. I have mentioned to you my two sons who are now in Ohio. A short time before they left us, we had a settlement; their mother, their two sisters, and younger brothers being present; it was a pretty solemn meeting. I took down my account-book, having previously stated to them that I should advance to each \$1000 up-

on their leaving home, as I had for some time been making arrangements for this event, and observed that I had charges for advances against both, which I could not but believe that they would deem reasonable; that I should however perhaps cancel them in whole or in part, in the final disposition of my property, which would depend upon circumstances, of which I must be the judge. Such, for instance, as their future good conduct, as whether their sisters remained single or married; for I was determined, after all they had done for the prosperity of the family, not to cut them off with a shilling; as whether I should be able to give their brothers the like sums, and various other circumstances, which I might then not be able to foresee. The boys stared, looked a little sober, but said nothing; when I proceeded, and delivered to each a copy of the account, after reading the original from my book, together with a letter of parting advice. As this account and letter were no secrets, the old gentleman permitted me to take copies, which I here, as follows, present to the reader, without the dates, which are not deemed important.

The Account.

My sons, William and John, Dr. to the several sums set opposite their respective names, to wit:

WILLIAM, DR.

To my having taught him to hang up his hat in one place, from the time he was three years of age to this date, valued at, in reference to my property, \$500

N. B.—I have taken the same pains with my son John, but he having been always one of Dr. Franklin's *speckled ax-es*, I cannot in conscience charge him with the like sum.

To my services in teaching him to keep his own accounts, begun when he was ten years of age, and continued till they were no longer necessary.—This service I estimate moderately at 200

To sundry instructions in the performance of neat work, in plowing, hoeing, &c., and in the care of the barn, stables, &c. --Having received myself a great portion of the profits arising from these services, I only charge 15

Carried forward, \$515

JOHN, DR.

To like sum, for like services \$200

To like sum, for do. . . . 15

Carried forward, \$215

<i>Brought forward, \$515</i>	<i>Brought forward, \$215</i>
To several sums advanced for his journeys, the first to New-York, the second to Burlington, the third to Albany, not undertaken for my business, but expressly for the sake of useful observation, such as is becoming an American citizen, and particularly a farmer, and so declared at the time . . .	
60	
To sundry sums advanced for books, exclusive of school books	To sundry sums advanced for like purposes, in his journeys to New-York, Boston, and Plattsburgh 70
25	To do. for do. 25
<u>\$600</u>	<u>\$310</u>

THE LETTER.

“ My Sons,

“ You know that we have long foreseen, that the time would come, when our hive must swarm ; and I rejoice now to think, that with as much industry as we have heretofore practised, there will be honey enough left for the old settlers. In giving you my last advice, you will do me the justice to say, that it is not the first of the kind ; that much of what I ~~now~~ here mention, has been inculcated upon you over and over, both by precept and example ; and that I have not run into an er-

for too common, of thinking that the proper instructions to a child, can be put into a parting letter. Some great prince has observed, that the people were his children, that God had given them to him, and that he was responsible for them. This I say in a measure, in regard to those who have sprung from my loins. You know well that both on your mother's and my side, for several generations, we have been respectable. We have had our ups and downs as well as others, but in a great family, (for we are now much scattered,) I have never known one of all those who have left Connecticut river, which I call our home, who was compelled by any improper conduct to take "a crow's journey," that is, never to return again. I do not recollect your great-grandfather, but they have often described him to me. He resided about the year seventeen hundred and fifty-six, at Hatfield, in Massachusetts. That country was then much disturbed by the Indians. He used to go to church with a lead-headed cane in his hand, a gun on his shoulder, and with a bullet pouch in front : being a proud man, they used to say that his gun was of no use ; for that he carried his head so high, that he could never see an Indian in the bushes. That cane fell to me, and I shall now give it to William. The gold seals, which I presented to you for your silver watches, you may not like to wear ; but the four letters on them you cannot make spell any thing

else but *home*; a word which I hope may have a charm in it, to keep you from being burnt; for I consider every young man who first goes out into the world, as being obliged to go through a fire. You will remember "that a bad action, though done at night, and in the dark, will appear in the light;" that a good conscience is the best of all possessions, and that no fire is so bad, as that which consumes a man's own house. You have been brought up as American farmers, a business of which I confess I am proud, and the more so the longer I live. An independent farmer looks only to the seasons, or, I should rather say, to the Author of them; and is never compelled to bend his neck to the man he despises. No, I say never, which I deem to be one of the greatest of God's blessings; because, then a man can act as he thinks right. To put your conduct and thoughts at the disposal of another, is to build a jail, and give him the power of locking you up when he chooses. This is like to being in debt, for debt and slavery are all one; and your great-grandfather used to say, that he would drink clover tea, rather than run in debt. Our Agricultural Society, you know, has determined to send a deputation to Congress as soon as the national debt is paid off, to thank those, under whose administration it takes place, in the name of the labourers of America, and I might say of the world, for the part they shall have taken, in exhibiting to mankind the glorious sight of one nation not

in chains. I have said that you are farmers : labour I consider one of the great American distinctions ; and that one of the principal causes of the wickedness of the world, and the bad management of the affairs of government, has been, that there have been so many grown up children allowed to be idle : indeed generally, these children have governed the world. The idea that a labouring man must be ignorant, is one of the poor notions that is fast departing. No man, among us at least, any longer desires to get behind a stone wall, because he has a hoe in his hand. I always told you it would come to this ; but really I never expected such great revolutions in my time, as I see going on. The common people, as we are called, are as yet, however, badly educated, considering the time and money they have ; that is, I think so : for in regard to money, were such riches ever known as among us ? By that I mean, that the common people have the disposal of the whole. This word "common," in reference to the people, has quite a different sense from what it used to have. We do not mean any longer to say as common as *dirt* ; but as common as *wheat*, and *apples*, and *roses*, in our climate ; for you know that these common things are in God's providence the greatest blessings we possess ; and it has always been one of my favourite opinions, that the world would not be greatly improved, till all were obliged to respect the pure habits that belong to the middling classes, whom we have made out in our reading, you know, to have been

the most virtuous in every age. Now as to reading and time, there is time enough ; for after a hard day's work at the mill, we have paid many a visit, without going from the kitchen fire, to people who lived a hundred years ago. If you once get *mind* into a man, he is not apt to be tired ; he may want change and amusement, and this is just what his mind does want. If he has that, though his legs are fatigued, he will forget it. When a labouring man is really ignorant, he cannot be respected—that is impossible. You are going into the world to act two parts, one as American citizens, the other as men. You know I have been a member of the legislature of Vermont several times, and really I have seen people enough there made kites of. Besides, it is mortifying to see a man going into the lobbies to get another to write, in a fair hand, and with good spelling, a motion of three lines. I am not silly enough, however, to suppose that every one is to be a member of the legislature ; but he can be faithful and respectable in the discharge of the duties which belong to him as a citizen. You were young when it happened, though you have heard the story. I would now impress it upon your minds : indeed I think it would in any other state or country, give both a just and high idea of our people. ——— of ———, was a respectable man in all particulars, as was thought ; though he carried politics to a great length. The select-men had long suspected him of putting into the box more than one vote : at

length they set a trap, and actually caught him. You know what followed ; these were the last votes he ever gave. Mortification and grief in being thus exposed, and losing his character, in eighteen months carried him to the grave.*

“ Thus far I have not mentioned to you *religion* by name, nor was that necessary ; for in my discourses with you, you know we have long considered this as lying *at the foundation of the whole*. Therefore, whenever I enjoin any duty upon you, I always mean that religion requires it. I will say but little more. I cannot but hope, should you determine to settle near each other, that as brothers you will live in the greatest harmony ; for this will be the being bound in a silken chain, and they say that even spiders could make such a chain, if they could agree together. I say again, don't forget what the four letters on the seals spell, nor another thing which you promised your mother ; and that was, if either of you had occasion for a cradle, to make it exactly after the model of hers, in which you have both been rocked.

“ Now I say farewell ; and may the kind Being who presides over all, take care of you for ever, in this world and the next ! Thus prays your father.

“ J. N——.”

* This, precisely as stated, took place in the state of Massachusetts.

"This you see," said the old gentleman, "is the kind of stock with which I have furnished my boys." "But," said he, "you asked me heretofore, 'why I did the business of a *hostler* for such sort of folks as you?' Now it is not every one that takes me for a hostler, though I do act in that capacity. This keeping of tavern, which in fact is an establishment that I am raising up for my youngest son, I mean the boy with a fiddle, affords me a good deal of amusement, in the variety of characters that I see. The whole world, you know, in this country travels, except perhaps the tavern-keepers ; who, if they have their eyes open, may in twenty-four hours, gain the advantage of a five hundred miles' journey. I see all kinds of people, as our road has now become a great thoroughfare. A carriage arrived here a few days since, with a gentleman and lady, a maid servant, and a coachman. The weather proving bad, they staid with us two days. It was evening when they arrived. I, as usual, the boys being absent, assisted the fellow in taking care of his horses. After this was over, he took his supper, and said he must *shave* before he went to bed, as he should not have time in the morning. "Well," said I, "I will hold the candle for you." He had arrived at that point in shaving when some people take the left hand, and others travel over that promontory, the nose, with the right ; that is, he was half shaved, and being a very black negro, if he had been driven into the woods at that

moment, I think he would have been shot on these mountains, for some wild animal, that had never appeared before. At this instant I let drop a word accidentally, which gave him to understand, that I was in fact not the *hostler*, but the *owner* of the house. Upon this, he stepped back, put down the razor, the lather dripping from his face, stared, looked as wild as a mountain cat by candle-light, said he thought I was the hostler, begged my pardon, took the candle out of my hand, and appeared greatly distressed.—After a little while however, I composed the poor fellow's spirits, told him that such things were common in this country, and that I would hold the light till his face was all of a colour, which I did. His mistress was one of those helpless people, of whom there are none on these mountains; I mean those who are dressed and undressed like a jointed doll: poor things! they know not what kind of country they live in. Just before going to bed, the lady said to the girl, "go and *pin* down my sheets, and when you have done, I will come up, and you can undress me." Now the undressing by the girl I could understand, but the *pinning down of the sheets* was beyond my comprehension. My first thought was, that the lady, suspecting that there were vermin in the bed, had ordered the girl, as far as was possible, to stop the holes of those midnight marauders; but I gave up this idea, for I had assured the lady, when coming to the house, that it was against the religion of both myself and wife, to suffer a

weary traveller to be tormented in that way. I studied the thing over and over, but could make nothing of it, and at length gave up in despair. The next morning, however, the mystery was explained ; for upon our girl's going into the room, and seeing the under sheet stuck down with twenty pins, like cloth upon tenter-hooks, she inquired of the lady's maid the cause, who informed her that it was to prevent the *rumpling* of the sheet. "Oh," said I to my wife, "these people must have time on their hands and to spare." "Thus you see," said the old gentleman, "that keeping tavern enables me to see sights, and to take distant journeys, at the expense of my customers, when they least suspect it."

The time for my departure had now arrived. I congratulated myself upon having made so pleasing an acquaintance, begged the landlady to kill all her cats that loved fish, told the landlord, that, as grateful passengers do their ship and captain, after a long and safe voyage, I should publish him and his house ; the latter as Industry Hall, where the weary traveller in hot weather might find clean linen ; a good mattress, a bedstead without curtains, and untenanted by those scorpions, whose jaws are wide extended in pursuit of blood, when tired nature seeks her necessary repose. Where, also, he might find a landlord not so proud as to be above his business, who was always ready to administer comfort to him and his horse ; a man, such as an American farmer should be ; one of genuine dignity and intelligence ; bring-

ing up his children in habits of order, industry, and true virtue, so as best to fit them for useful members of society and patriotic citizens. I then bid farewell all round, got into my gig, and took my departure for Hanover College, a long day's ride.

Some Reflections on the Journey.

HAVING no company, I fell into conversation with myself, as I suppose all men sometimes do, and as men often play dice with themselves, right hand against left. "Now," said I, "here am I alone, money in my pocket, defenceless, neither dirk nor pistol; lonely ways to pass over, mountains to traverse, and what danger of robbery? Not so much as of that accident which happened to the famous Captain Blifil, who, having married the sister and heiress of one of the best and richest men in all England, the noted Mr. Allworthy, while he was one day surveying the estates of that good gentleman, lands, houses, and cattle, and ruminating upon the course of nature, and when, in all probability, she would cause these fair possessions to change owners, this airy castle was levelled in an instant, as a tempest sometimes levels great and solid houses; that is, nature took an opposite direction, and with an apoplectic thunderbolt laid low the unfortunate Captain Blifil.

I say the danger of robbery in Vermont was less to human eye than that of the unhappy Captain Bliff; less than the chance of being struck with lightning, or of drawing the highest prize in a lottery, which one hundred thousand fools sometimes expect, or any other very uncommon event. That being the case, I continued to talk to myself as before, and in an audible voice, which a man is not apt to do, when he thinks himself in danger. "Now," said I, "what makes this happy state of society so unlike that of lordly Europe? I have not seen a beggar since I entered these borders, nor a poor, idle profligate, who, for the want of an honest occupation, picks quarrels, fights duels, runs horses, and plays dice at noon-day. Nor one who has nothing to do but travel with a company of horses, monkeys, pea-hens, and peacocks, to kill time. Oh," said I, "it is *labour* that makes a man happy, and virtuous too; this is one of the grand discoveries; I wonder that Mr. Jefferson did not put it in the Declaration of Independence alongside of the equal rights; it deserves a place there. The Chinese beat the stems of the roses with a stick, to make the roses smell sweeter! what bread is so sweet as that which is moistened with the sweat of the brow? or indeed what bread would be sweet at all, if a man lived in a cage, at the mouth of a baker's oven? I have lived fifty years, and my rambling life has enabled me to see people in all conditions, but never have I seen one happy man, who had not a regular occu-

pation ; and I even think that these good people of Vermont are a little happier than any I have seen ; and I suppose it may be because that up and down these hills they work a little harder. They have not, to be sure, take the year together, as fine a sun as that of France, nor do they laugh and dance and fiddle as much as the people there. I remember when I first landed at Havre, and observed the smiling faces in every direction, the first question I asked was, " what are the people laughing at ?" Notwithstanding the sun, the fiddle, the dance, and the laugh, I doubt whether they are so happy in France ; and it may be, that the men, women, and children, who traverse these green mountains, are proud of their leather shoes ; for that clumsy, clattering wooden thing, which poor folks must and do wear there, is not a thing to be proud of."

While I was thus rambling on, talking loud, my poor horse laboured over the hills, but not without wear and tear, as that great *steam animal* does, who by his perpetual labours has made travelling so cheap, that no man can afford any longer to go on foot ; who with his huge legs and arms seems to tug, and sweat, and groan, by day and by night, but who is never tired or galled, as my poor horse at this moment was, which I perceived from lifting his collar, as I stopped him opposite a small house. It was on a side hill, and I observed a boy, who appeared to be about fifteen years of age, opposite the house felling a large tree ; he had cut a few chips from the *under* side, and was then making the principal incision on the *upper*. This I did not

quite understand, as I saw that he intended that the tree should fall down hill, but thinking that the young mountaineer might, I was willing not to be thought ignorant; and to save myself from that imputation, declined asking the question *direct*, following the example of some of these Yankees, who sometimes look on your trunk, or into your hat, for your name; that is, I said to the boy, "Well Sir, I see that you make the *upper cut*." "That is the true cut," said the boy; "for if you will take the axe and try below, you will find that the tree will *crowd down* upon your chips, and you can't get it down in double the time." "Oh yes," said I, "I don't doubt it." I then informed the boy that my horse was galled on the breast by his collar, and trafficked with him for a piece of sheep's skin, to place under it. Now I was never handy at small jobs, and was obliged to say to the boy, that I did not see how we should adjust the sheep's skin, without taking off the collar and sending for a harness-maker. "You want nothing," said he, "but a leather string and a knife *blade*, which we can certainly find about the house." In as much time as I have occupied in writing these last ten lines, the boy had applied the salve to the wound of my poor horse.

Of all the crafts in the world, perhaps that of the hand is most useful; in which I have found these eastern people eminently to excel. If they have not the whole of a thing to work with, they make shift with the half. If a *knife* be wanting, they make a *blade* accomplish the object. Indeed they

very seldom, as Louis the XIVth did, use their right hand to cut of their left. It is quite astonishing how many things a man may learn, if he be only put to it ! Bonaparte was of the same opinion, who taught his young nobles to *groom* their own horses. Besides, it makes them independent ; and I doubt not, that when the charter of these people was established, the wise men of that day meant more than they said, when they talked of equal rights and of independence ; and that they had an idea that the children of the republic ; unlike all other children in the former ages of the world, should be so educated as to render them as far as possible, independent of each other ; so as to make the *knife-blade* answer, whenever the whole of the instrument was not at hand ; in other words, as Europe had taught *them*, they, in their turn, would repay the favour.

This day, after many a long and heavy sigh for the aid of a steam-boat, or some little steam-engine, in the box of my chair, which should wind me up and down these hills, brought me to Norwich, the last town on my route in Vermont, situated on the west bank of the Connecticut, and opposite Hanover College, from which it is a mile distant. Here I remained some days on necessary business, and I say nothing of how I disposed of my horse and chair ; as the mention of that would be a mere impertinence, into which I have known some travellers to fall. I will how-

ever inform the reader, which I can do with certainty, that in New-England a *swop* may always be made ; and that here, as in every other part of the world, over which I have moved, if the unfortunate traveller be anxious for the sale of his horse, it is a wonder if his ears be not *too long* or *too short*.

Before I take a final leave of these happy and pleasing people, through whose country I have just passed, I would give the distant reader, (if his eye should ever reach these pages,) some faint idea of the materials from which they derive their happiness. I had no passports upon entering their territory, nor were any ever demanded of me. Travellers are at liberty to come or go wherever they please, upon paying the legal fees at the turnpike gates ; and if you pass one of these gates in a horse and chair, (as I have actually experienced,) as an out-rider to the stage, when it is crowded and cannot take you in, and simply inform the keeper that you are one of its passengers, it is a hundred to one, such is the habit of these people of respecting each other, but that after a steady look at your eye, to observe whether your countenance corresponds with your words, he will say, "pass on, sir." In all their country, I hardly ever saw a woman without stockings and shoes ; nor one at work in their fields ; though I was told, upon making inquiry as to their occupations, that instances had been known, of their pulling flax, *long and short*, when

they were not willing to trust the men to adjust *long and short* to their nice work. Oh woman ! when chaste and cultivated, how beautiful are her operations upon body and mind ! how delicately do her fingers move through the slightest fabrics, suspending her web like the spider almost upon the air ! and her sweet voice too, and countenance and manners—how they at once lull the infant to sleep, or rouse the man to all that makes him noble—from infancy to age his guardian angel !—I have just been looking at Mr. Owen's great machine for regenerating the world, and doubt not, but that among the many beautiful cranks and wheels, and spindles that are there, woman has her place. I could have desired however, that it might have been pointed out and named distinctly ; as I believe that when the world is essentially regenerated, it will take place through such an education of woman, as will be far superior to that which now prevails. The people of Vermont are perhaps hastening this happy era, as chastity with them is a great virtue, and many of them have read of what has befallen other countries—how the people have come to wooden shoes, bare boards for a pillow, the offal of great men's kitchens for their dinners, when these great men have been able to select their mistresses from all that is beautiful in

the land.* The men in Vermont, and I have observed the same thing of nearly all New-England, and of their descendants in every land, are proud to give their women a dignified seat ; and seldom,

*If the reader desires to see what a country may be brought to, that is, governed by such women let him read the memoirs of Marmontel.

As the purity of the female sex is, perhaps, above all others, the redeeming individual and national virtue ; no fact that can illustrate the character of our country, can be deemed out of place in a work like the present. The author intended to have inserted this note, where he has heretofore mentioned the town of *Chelmsford*, in the state of Massachusetts. At that place, as is generally well known, there is one of the most flourishing cotton manufacturing establishments in the United States. It sprung into existence about four years ago. Seventeen hundred thousand dollars have already been expended there, and in that time there has been an increase of the population, of between three and four thousand. This establishment belongs to gentlemen residing in Boston, and in that neighbourhood. There is not in it a *single individual*, whose skill is deemed important to its success, whose professional knowledge has been gained in a foreign country. Those who have the best means of forming an opinion, informed the author, that labour was not dearer than in similar establishments in England, for which they assign these reasons : first, that a greater proportion of the work is performed by females here than there ; second, some kinds of work are done by females here, which are not done there but by men ; third, the regular, orderly, and virtuous character of the labourers. This establishment arose out of a similar one at *Waltham*, which is about eight miles from Boston. That at Waltham, commenced its operations soon after the late war. In 1825,

that I have seen, put them down upon the bottom of a waggon, on the same level with the butter and cheese and chickens, as I have to my mortification sometimes remarked to be done by the market people in the neighbourhood of the great towns in Ame-

there were about four hundred girls employed in it. These girls are generally the daughters of farmers in the neighbouring country; they earn more money in the cotton mills, than they could elsewhere. Many marry: when this takes place, they leave the establishment. When the business commenced at Waltham, the girls were made to understand, that the slightest suspicion entertained of the regularity of their conduct, would be the ground of dismissal, and that public opinion in the society, must constitute its law. That if a female was found in company with a man at an unseasonable hour, she would be discarded without further inquiry or proof. Upon one occasion a girl fell under suspicion from having violated this rule: her companions instituted a complaint against her: she came to the superintendant with tears in her eyes, averring her innocence: he told her he was sorry for her case, if such was the fact, but that there was no help for it. Down to the time mentioned in 1825, in a society of four hundred girls, but a single case of gross misconduct ever came to the knowledge of the managers of the institution. Surely, without vain boasting, our country may be proud of a fact like this. We cannot but deplore the existence of vice any where, and more especially in a country so interesting as England; and when we mention the notorious profligacy of the females in the manufacturing establishments in Manchester, it is but to warn our countrymen of the necessity of moral and intellectual cultivation, and to teach them, that the final and certain prosperity of all institutions, will be found to have no other sure basis.

rica ; but it is one thing to raise a chicken to *sell*, and another to raise it to *eat* ; and small as the circumstance is, it makes a great characteristic difference. The *equal condition* of these people, renders them *kind hearted* one to another. If kings, and law, and the rules of society, allow men to treat each other like brutes, whenever one has power and another has none, they will be brutish from age to age. Mr. Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, says, that in seven years of the war of the revolution, no man's blood was shed for treason. Kind-heartedness, that virtue which brings the tear, as an April shower falls, does belong to this people. *Hard-heartedness* I have seen and heard of, and so doubtless the reader has ; as when a boy, going forth for his morning sport, lights upon a flock of young turkeys, and when they are nestling together in a bright light, and shaking their wings and feathers to the morning breeze, he breaks every leg, leaving them to starve and die and rot there, where their innocent playful morning gambols began. Of such boys I have heard, when brought up to manhood, in the account of the mutiny on board a *Nantucket* ship, in which — was the ring-leader. After burying his boat-hook in the bowels of his officers, and cutting off the fingers of one who yet clung to the railing, imploring for mercy, not satisfied with blood, he found another victim in the cook, a coloured man, as one of the survivors of the bloody scene

informed me.* As great tyrants who have determined upon a sacrifice, build a gallows before the accused man's eyes, so this monster tried the cook by a jury of five men, of whom my informant was one. Sitting upon a chest, and being asked all round, they pronounced him guilty; as one man sheathes his knife in the bowels of another, when a stronger arm holds a sword over his own head. The cook was hung, all hands being compelled to assist at the rope which drew him from the deck; and among others, a lad of sixteen, the brother of the principal mutineer. A great weight was attached to the upper part of his body, and when he descended to his watery grave, his feet appearing last, the wretch cried out, with a horrible, ghastly laugh, "Flukes!" the language of the whaleman, when he sees that his harpoon has done its business, and the leviathan goes down, with his tail out of water, as the signal of his death wound. Justice did not long stay her hand. With this bloody crew on board, the ship touched at some neighbouring island, where — went on shore, still furious as a tiger half fed with blood, and where a part of the crew, composed of

* This account of the mutiny, was, I am told, published in the papers of the day. What I have stated, was communicated to me by one of the crew, a man of the name of Thomas, who was then in prison at Boston; but who has, as I am informed, since been discharged; the grand jury not having found a bill against him.

friend and foe, shot him, buried him in his gory garments for a winding sheet, and then both innocent and guilty sung a hymn over his bloody grave; as the murderer is sometimes compelled, in saying his prayers, to testify to the divine power in his mind. Such cruelty, however, is not, I think, *natural* among a free people; and while I am giving the character of Vermont in this particular, I would fondly hope, and do believe, that kind-heartedness is a characteristic of these republics; though the horrible duels, and the murderous use of the dirk, so common in some parts of this great country, may lead the reader to a different conclusion. My narrative is confined to an account of those only, among whom I have travelled, and therefore I can only speak of what I have seen.

On the morning of the fourth day after my arrival at Norwich and Hanover College, before the stars had hardly made their bow, and taken leave, I heard the coachman's horn, and the landlord's cry of "baggage for Concord and Boston, baggage for Concord and Boston!" In an instant four full-grown persons were on their seats, and then before the coach-door was closed, the landlord *handed up a little boy*, as carefully as he would have done a nice package, belonging to one of the passengers. The boy appeared to have seen about six years, which I afterwards learnt to be his true age. No one seemed to own him, and he looked too tender for a long journey unpro-

tected. I put my head out of the coach door, and in a low voice said to the coachman, "who has charge of this little fellow, and where is he going?" "Going to *Boston*. I have the charge of him." "But you don't drive to Boston, it is a hundred miles; you only drive fifteen or twenty." "That's true," said he, "but I am going to *direct him on*." I turned round to my fellow-passengers, and remarked to a young lady, who appeared to be about eighteen years of age, "This is quite an infant, and too young to take care of himself." "Sir," said she, "some how or other he will be taken care of: besides, you may think that my sex requires that *I* should, in a long journey, receive protection too; but I have no fears." "Pray how long?" said I. "Why sir," replied she, "I am on my way to Boston, to take leave of some friends, and then shall get into the stages, go by land to Niagara, and thence across lake Erie to Detroit; altogether not much less than a thousand miles; and I assure you that I feel quite safe, either from injury or insult."

The truth is, that even in this particular the fashions have altered. The stages have become the common travelling receptacles of people of all conditions, high and low, rich and poor; and if there now and then be a vulgar ignorant fellow, who has not discovered that an innocent young female is every where protected, he will not be allowed to travel far before he finds it out. Besides, even the gentlemen of the towns, who there keep

coaches, have, in their travelling excursions, been forced into the stages, as they do not quite like to be seen rolling on upon a snail's pace, with their silky livery horses, when the whole industrious world is thundering along ahead of them. Not, however, to lose sight of our little infant, and of the care which is here taken even of the children, I must inform the reader, that as his weight bound him to his place, not much more firmly than if a pack of wool had occupied the same, he was by one of the male passengers put in lap, and that through the aid of many kind-hearted persons, he kept his pillow almost the whole way, till he was safely deposited at the place of his destination. At our breakfasting house I overheard one of the young women, who waited upon the table, whispering to him, "Which of these men is your father?" "I have no father," said the boy. At table I observed that he was put into a high chair, helped to all the *sweetmeats*, and that the same young woman had, before we left the house, filled his pockets with *nut-cakes and gingerbread*.

The Town of Salisbury, in New Hampshire.

AT the town of Salisbury, on the route to Concord and Boston, a stage accident happened, which detained the carriage during the greater part of the day. As I have seen no part of this wide

world, in which a man may not find something worthy of observation, or in which he need spend an idle hour, I was determined to turn this occurrence to as much account as possible, and to ascertain what the town of Salisbury, in the state of New-Hampshire, might contain worthy of notice. As the villagers in America are not quite the most industrious people that I ever saw, or near as much so as the shoemakers, carpenters, or tinmen in town, where, if these indulge in conversation at all, while their work is going on, their hammers make the commas, semi-colons, and colons in the discourse; I was sure that I should be able to find persons enough, sufficiently at leisure to enjoy the society of the travellers. At this moment, while I was occupying a seat in an empty room, a gentleman walked in, with a gold-headed cane in his hand, which every where is an ensign of some dignity, and here signifies, generally, that the wearer is an occupant of one of the wooden painted houses in the village, with green blinds perhaps, as a pretty contrast to the white, and that the 'squire and his lady may indulge themselves in an afternoon's walk in the garden, one of the few aristocratic privileges, not offensive to the neighbours. He said "Good morning, sir," and took his seat. In England it is thought necessary, generally, to make use of a third person, for the purposes of introduction, to enable any two strangers to employ their tongues or hands for mutual use.

They had a story at Oxford, (I suppose, however, it was a slander upon my countrymen,) that

a student having fallen into the water, and being in great danger of drowning, a *fellow-student*, to whom the sufferer was a stranger, perceiving it, exclaimed to the by-standers, "for Heaven's sake, is there no one here who can *introduce* me to that gentleman!" These are not the fashions in America, where, and particularly in New-England, they all talk to each other, right or wrong, hit or miss, in the inns, stage coaches, and steam-boats, though the one traveller may have money enough in his pocket to make a fair exchange for all that the other has, either in or out. To this circumstance I cannot but attribute a good deal of the *cleverness* of these Yankees; which word I now use in the English, and not in their sense; that is, to mean what the Dutch mean, when they say "that a man has no left hand." The gentleman and myself having in two minutes climbed over all the partition-walls which divide strangers, I informed him, that this not being my native country, I was particularly curious to know what in regard to it was remarkable, and begged to be informed if there was any thing in his village of that character. "No, Sir, except that we have a *native* production that draws some attention: but you know, that from these obscure places every thing of that kind goes, or is carried out for exhibition. I allude to an extraordinary boy, who sprang up like some of the trees which you see here between the clefts of the rocks; the early plant having been thought by some of rare beauty and growth, has been trans-

ferred to a more genial soil. He was a school-fellow of mine ; I knew him well ; we were at a school about three miles from this village, and have often shared each other's dinners ; indeed, in this way our acquaintance commenced. I remember that it was my stint, one cold December day, as the larger boys took it in rotation, to cut the fire-wood ; we were then strangers to each other ; the wood lay at the north-west end of the school house. I made but little progress, when he came up, took the axe out of my hand, and did my stint ; and I having observed that he that day came without his dinner basket, we divided the contents of mine, sausages, nut-cakes, and apples. He, myself, and another, used often to meet at a mill in this town, where we went with our grists on horseback. Now at a mill, you know, the rule is, 'first come, first served ;' but we observed that even when his turn was last, that his grist was ground in a shorter time than ours ; whether it was that the miller, from taking a liking to him, turned more water upon his wheel, I can't say ; but one thing I know, that at the school he ran through the mill his own grist sooner than any of us. After being there awhile, the schoolmaster informed his father that the boy was very extraordinary, and that he must send him to Exeter Academy, in this state, to prepare for college. 'Oh,' said the old gentleman, 'I will do no such thing ; I have heard enough of your *extraordinary boys* ; here is Deacon —, he has an extraordinary boy, a great scholar, a

phenomenon, and ever so many more. Not I, I'll not send him to college.' But the old gentleman never meant what he said; for being a man of sense, he had observed that the boy's mind was capable of steady application; and that his thoughts did not fly about in all directions, like sparks from a blacksmith's hammer. I remember that a party of us, of which he was one, were invited to an evening frolick; among other nice things, we had a pumpkin-pie, in a large tin pan; he, as usual, was appointed carver, (for boys know about as well as men, what horse will do best on the lead,) when, without numbering noses, he cut up the pie, and we found, upon counting, that his own was left out. 'Well,' said the boys, one and all, 'Dàn, you did not count noses, but we will divide with you;' when each cut from his piece a slice, which gave to the carver, not the lion's share, but the greatest by far. Those who now know him best, say that this was a perfect illustration of his subsequent character, and that this disposition has been one of the principle causes of his uncommon success." "Sir," said I, what did you call his *Christian* name?" "Daniel." "And his surname?" "Webster." "What, him they call the Great Webster?" "The very same; he whose speeches are now read in Paris, and in the Greek islands; you doubtless have heard of him?" "Oh yes, there is no man who can blow such a trumpet who is not heard of now-a-days; but I did not know, as you observe, that he was a native pro-

duction of your town." "Yes," said the stranger, "when we are asked to show our curiosities, we always inform travellers that we have deposited our rarest in the Museum of the Nation, thinking that it shows off better there than it could be made to do in our little domestic cabinet."

The stranger here observed, that he feared he was tedious ; but I assured him that nothing gave me more pleasure, than to collect anecdotes in regard to the eminent men of the country ; and upon entreating him to proceed, he added, "Did you ever see him of whom I speak?" "Never : I should like to know something of his looks." "As to his looks, it is difficult to describe them : words do not seem to reach the human countenance ; but having once seen him, you can no more forget his appearance, than you can that of a kaleidoscope, or a rainbow. If you were to meet him at a church-door with a hundred more, you would be compelled to say, 'who is that?' A boy in the country, who heard him in the trial of a cause, when he was very much agitated, and roused (that however is not his usual manner,) went home and exclaimed to his mother, 'I have seen Mr. Webster—I have heard Mr. Webster, in the courthouse, and the white of his eye was all black !' "I have known," added the stranger, "this gentleman, man and boy, from his youth ; I would compare him to a spider, that never borrows for her web. I attribute his great success to several causes :—to his country education, where, you know, a young

man learns things as they are in nature, and not artificially, as is too common in your great towns; for the rivers and the country were made before the towns, unless it be true, as some eminent biblical critic has observed, 'that Providence has shown out most benevolently, in ordering that the great rivers should in their course, pass by the great cities;'—to his having been born among the people; in that common condition, in which, in this country at least, a man being able to walk, talk, think and act, just like nine out of ten of all the other people that are born, has naturally that proportion on his side. Besides he began *young*. Here is a dreadful mistake into which many of our poor boys run; that of beginning so late; for to get *hic, hæc, hoc*, at twenty, in their proper seats in the brain, is like putting fingers, fifty years old, for the first time to string beads. Again, sir, (I hope I am not tedious,) his profession as a lawyer:—Now these lawyers are like the men in the circus, always performing, and before a large company; and if they ever make a mistake, and lose their foot-hold, they must help themselves to a seat."

At this moment our conversation was interrupted, for our ship having repaired damages, we were all called on board, and set sail; and here I must take a final leave of the reader, after some few parting remarks. If I have not proved a pleasant companion, it cannot be put to the account of my not having been in good humour

myself. I have travelled among a happy contented people, and happiness begets happiness. I have had neither guide nor interpreter, nor need of either; for the roads are plain, and where they part, generally, though not always, (as should be the case) there is a board hung on high to direct the traveller; for every mother's son reads, and there is no such direction, which some travellers have stated to be the fact in Ireland, as "if you can't read, inquire at the next door." For an interpreter, there has been no occasion whatever; because not only in all New-England, but throughout these states, from Georgia to Vermont, *coffee and cakes* are known precisely by these names. Trifling as this cause may seem, I deem it to be one of the deep-laid foundations of the union and prosperity of these people; for as they are able to talk to each other, they are seldom long out of humour; and it takes but about fifteen days by course of post, to enable the people of Georgia to know what is known by the people of Vermont; and the President's message, which is delivered mid-way, is equally well understood in both states.* They seem to have no government; for instead of having an idle vagabond of a soldier running his bayonet under your chin, to make you stand straight, that he may take your height, and report it to the authori-

* See a fine view of this subject in Mr. Everett's Oration before the P. B. K. Society at Harvard College; delivered in 1824.

ties—it is ten to one that, if you are obliged to look for a man in power here, you will find him among his chickens or his children. Though I part with my reader in the state of New-Hampshire, which, in many particulars is a distinct sovereignty from that of Vermont, no common observer would remark any difference in these people; for you may be a citizen of one state or another, about as easily as you can step from a coach-door into an inn; with a night's lodging and a roof over your head, or other as trifling qualification, you may, being a citizen of one state, transfer your allegiance to another. In thus giving an account of what I have seen in Vermont and New-Hampshire, I have in truth, as I am told, and believe from my own knowledge, portrayed in a measure, the manners of New-England, and indeed in many particulars what may be seen throughout the northern and middle states, of which alone I am a competent judge. In the southern, I have not travelled; but no country have I found without its virtues. I forbear to mention many things that did not please me, as I think such relations will be better received from enlightened native citizens, who, having travelled, are thus enabled to give an impartial account of various countries, as well as their own. Though my judgment cannot but approve of the free institutions of America, making men, as I have said, laborious and kind-hearted; allowing fair play to all, thus rendering them contented and happy.

Though it be true that I have long sojourned here, even twenty-five years of a life of fifty, still it is with a heart cut in twain. I can remember the willows of which I made whistles ; the boys who played jackstraws with me ; the porringer out of which I ate ; and should I forget the breast which nursed me ? No, fellow-traveller, not so. I have read somewhere of a Roman, who, having brought to Rome, from the several countries through which he had passed, wild animals, natives of those countries, together with some portion of earth belonging to each ; these animals, upon being placed in a cage together, where the earth was deposited also, naturally, and as if by instinct, sought repose upon their native soil. So I also, upon parting with you, should desire no softer pillow for the sleep of this night, than a turf from my native land. Upon passing through yours, I have seen so many good and generous people, in dress, language and manners, so like the people of England, where I have more than once hinted my cradle was rocked, that I cannot but in fond recollection turn to it ; and desire, that the good of both nations may know each other better, esteem each other more, and that as in both countries many benevolent beings are confederating for the happiness of mankind, this confederacy may be the tie that shall bind them to *peace and mutual good will*.

The end of the Tour.


LETTER VI.

—
THE PEACH-STONE.

My dear Brother,

How the world is changing!—The Duke of Saxe Weimar has been travelling among us, and in a *stage coach too*!—Kings will come next.—What better thing can they do?—I came over the mountains yesterday in a stage-coach, and at — took my seat, with your old acquaintance, the little red-haired driver. He has invented a new kind of instrumental music, very simple indeed: it is nothing more than a piece of white birch-bark, cut into a circle of an inch diameter. This he inserts between his teeth and tongue, in a manner which I cannot exactly describe, but which produces at once melodious and most thrilling sounds. As we ascended the mountain slowly, I took the reins, and he gave us several tunes. I told him, that with this newly-invented instrument he might make a fortune if he would go to New-York, and exhibit it in the orchestra of the Park Theatre. To which he made me no other answer, than that as there were so many people there, and as he had so *few inches*, he feared he should be run over; besides, that he loved his leaders so


much, that he did not think he should ever part from them; and that he believed he was born to "throw a line over a horse." "Well," said I, "that will do when you can have the honour of carrying a duke in your coach, which I understand was the case yesterday—did you not know it?" He replied very coolly, "Not I; but what business does he follow? what does he do for a living?" Upon this I informed him that the duke was a most respectable man, had come to see the country, was travelling for pleasure and improvement, and that it was reported that he had a draft on his banker, to the amount of \$80,000 for his summer expenses. We had now ascended the mountain: he gave his whip a crack, and pointing to his off-leader, said, "that is the best horse on these mountains, he is like Mr. Jaque's horse Bell-founder, down at Charlestown, he's go to meeting, go to mill, good in gig, good in stage, good every where: if I had that thirty thousand dollars, he should drink Holland gin and water whenever he was dry." Thus you see what a stress our countrymen lay upon *business*: without it, they think life nearly insupportable. It is right too, for they have driven out the drones from the hive, and will not support one of those idlers, who in many countries are permitted to stand by, and eat the honey, as the labourers return at night, weary and laden with the burthens of the day. What a man earns here, he has the disposal of, to eat, drink and wear, and



keep up hospitality; and who will say that this is not a *discovery*? Among us, no man can be idle and not be alone; if idle, he is in a desert, or, I should rather say, in a prison; compelled to hear the heart-stirring sounds of the passengers below upon the pavement, all going and coming, about that which makes men happy, *business*, and he chained to the wall. I am not sure that it is not this very love of *business* which drives me to the occupation of writing these trifles to you, in the intervals between the hoeings of my corn and potatoes, while my cabbages are heading, and my peaches putting on their blushes.—Truly, I had almost forgotten the purpose for which I commenced this epistle: it was, however, to acknowledge the receipt of the *French* fruit trees, which you have been so good as to send me, and which I brought home on the top of the coach. The bark of the trees looks just like what I suppose the king means, when he talks of “beautiful France.” Oh that we could make the fruits common here also among the people! what an increase of *temperance* would there be!—The fruits were given for the labourers as well as others; they can *afford* to eat them; and as you once well observed, a man who has the industry and taste to raise a peach or a grape, in our latitude, and in our valleys, where they will often flourish, is fit to talk to a king. Was there ever a finer sun for ripening most of the fruits, than we have? In England the sun is not so hot; and when the peach

is shown in the shops in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, the Nantucket boys, (as they tell me) who live upon a cold, bleak island, where it is not raised, and who go upon, and over the water, as naturally as young ducks, are sometimes asked half a crown for it. Carraccioli, the Venetian Ambassador, swore that he had eaten no *ripe* fruit in England, but *roasted apples*. This however cannot be quite true, for we know that they have some fine fruits.—Gentlemen who have lived at Paris, say that the peaches have not prettier blushes there, and that they are not more delicious than here. I cannot but think that the grapes, the peaches, and the other fruits, are the cause of there being so many laughing people in France; and, what is of great moment to us, so few *drinking* people there. The *blush*, what can that signify to a man working in the dirt? some will exclaim. The blush which comes and goes upon the labourer's chaste daughter, can he say that he does not admire that? Next to the blush that comes and goes, is that which *stays* upon the peach.

I fear that I shall weary you with my long dissertation about the fruits: I can assure you, however, that they are deeply connected with an important event. As I was cutting the strings, which bound the packages of trees which you sent me, my aunt came into the garden to observe my operations. She is now eighty-two years of age; reads the newspapers, makes kites for the



children, wipes the cups and saucers after breakfast, is still gay, contented, and happy; and says that men, and women too, if they lived as they ought, would never *die*; but rather, that it would be said, that they were *translated*. As my work went on, she looked at the bark of the peach trees, and after admiring it a good deal, remarked—"Do you know that the *American Revolution* sprung out of a *peach stone*?" The story as related by her, being still fresh in my mind, I am enabled to give it to you accurately.

— lived at — about the year 1760. His peaches and strawberries were said to be the finest in all that country. Even among his genteel visitors, his practice was, whenever peaches were presented to them, to place an empty plate upon the table, with a request that they would there deposit the stones. One of his neighbours having received the compliment of a dish of strawberries, preserved the seeds, and in this way, as it was said, they became so common in the neighbourhood, that he swore that gentlemen ought to have better manners, and not suffer his strawberries to get among vulgar people, and that no man but a gentleman was ever fit to eat either peach or strawberry.

Early in September, when the sun was very hot, and the peach in that state that one must have a lock-jaw if he does not desire to eat it, a boy, in the neighbourhood, observing from a little eminence, hard by the old gentleman's garden,

that the lemon cling-stones were just in the state I have mentioned, climbed over the wall, in a dark night, and had hardly placed himself in the crotch of the tree, when he was discovered and pursued. At that instant, that portion of the peach which was intended, not for the stomach but for the earth, took a wrong direction, and the boy was not only caught but choked. The gardener held fast to his prey; and the outcry having roused the lion in his den, brought him also into the garden. The boy was seized by the heels, and turned upside down: this, however, proved unsuccessful; but in an instant, upon changing his position, the violent efforts of nature accomplished her object, and down went the lemon cling-stone, leaving the unhappy boy for a moment, nearer dead than alive, but in safe custody. Here was a dilemma to the owner of the peach, the stone *down* and not *up*. When one boy among a dozen throws a stone into the air, crying out, that "what goes up must come down," it is very likely so to happen. But the claimant of the stone swore, that what went *down*, should come *up*, and that his lemon-clings should never take root in the garden of a man who lived in a hovel—that potatoes were good enough for father and son. He ordered a dose of tartar-emetic for the boy, and actually forced it down his throat. One man may lead a horse to water, but it takes twenty to make him drink; nature refused to fly in the face of her own laws; the boy's throat was too small, and the stone too

heavy. Another dose was administered, but with like effect. The boy was then dismissed. Time rolled on, and the people, in their leisure hours, began to talk of liberty and the revolution. The old gentleman took the wrong side, if the unfortunate be the wrong side, still deceiving himself with the idea that lemon clings were designed to grow for gentlemen only, within brick walls. If life be spared, boys in time will grow to men ; and the story is, that in *that part* of the country, one of the first *liberty poles* was erected by this self-same boy, within a hundred yards of the very tree on which grew the forbidden fruit, with a picture at full length hung on high, of the tree, the boy choking, and the gardener at his side, forcing down the tartar-emetic. The revolution caused these brick walls to change owners, which, with some few repairs, are still standing; and in the possession of one, who, full of the spirit that belongs to a free country, would be happy to see every man in the land able to eat as many lemon-clings as potatoes.

Your affectionate brother,

N. D——.

LETTER VII.

BOSTON.

My dear Brother,

You will be surprised to hear, that as a part of my recreations, I have spent some time in Boston; no disagreeable way, you will confess, of getting rid of feeding cattle, pigs, and poultry.

In many respects, the Boston people are virtuous, moral, and kind-hearted. The cartmen take excellent care of their horses. I strained my eyes for three weeks, to discover


“E’en one, who did not seem to feel, if not to say,
“‘I thank you, master, for my proveunder to-day.’”

No, not one for three weeks. I must confess, however, that subsequently, in some out-of-the-way places, I did observe a few melancholy, ill-fed beasts, which were a disgrace to the good people of Boston; but still few, very few. I could not help asking one of the cartmen, how it was that their horses all looked so well. “Sir,” said he, “we think here, that a good horse is part *man*, and take care to treat him accordingly.” I think, my dear brother, with my old friend the Book-

merchant, whom you know, that kind-heartedness is one of the American characteristics ; and I delight to see it in the cartmen, who are a very solid part of the American people. In New-York, they very many of them own the roofs over their own heads, and some of them the roofs over other people's heads. I am not sure how it is in Boston ; but I presume they are as well off there ; for I heard that a single cartman was often the owner of a dozen horses ; and you know the American people have quite a taste to own houses, as well as horses.

The Bostonians are very quiet and orderly ; soft in their speech, their voices low and gentle ; and Mr. Stuart the painter says, (who can know better than a painter ?) that no people keep their mouths as much closed as his countrymen. He does not mean that they lack words ; I know the contrary of that ; but rather that when they speak, being seldom in a passion, their mouths are not often wide open. They wear no dirks—at this time fight no duels : the cartmen do not go tagging after the gentlemen of the turf to see their horses run, for races are out of fashion ; all make a better and wiser use of their horses than to keep them to *game* with. They fight no cocks, that I could learn, except about two miles out on the Neck, as they call it, which was quite too far for me to walk, or I should have resorted to the spectacle, for two reasons ; one to see if the cartmen were there, which I cannot think was the case, for

I consider them quite too respectable; the other, that, having witnessed but one cock-fight, I desired to see a second, that I might know what the world is made of: for upon that occasion, the owners of the pit, and keepers of the cocks, having got drunk, and fallen into a great quarrel, put their gaffs on, took the place of the cocks in the pit, and thus in a measure spoiled the sport. I have said, that they fight no duels: no—their state of society is far advanced beyond that of those old Scandinavian bullies, who first introduced this outrage against the laws of God. It is indeed a wonder, that a civilized people should copy those savages, who had neither knives nor forks, and who could not eat their dinners with a relish, without having first divided the body of friend or foe, from crown to haunch. Duelling is civilization, and refinement, and politeness!—oh yes! and has been most in fashion, where rape, murder, robbery, and crusading have been so too. I can tell you, that this is a country of new rules and regulations; and we mean to instruct our Secretaries of War and Navy, to recommend to the gentlemen, young and old, under their charge, to leave their dirks and pistols in their births and quarters, and not bring them to the supper tables alongside of the knives and forks. In this country, if there be law, it must be law for town and country, for sea as well as land. A cup of coffee is not the more agreeable, for knowing that a drunken fellow is at your elbow, who will run a piece of cold steel into you, should



you happen to soil his stockings by oversetting it. To be serious, my dear brother ; never was there a greater outrage against the principles of a free government : it gags honest men who desire to speak out—stops the freedom of debate—is the common resort of knaves, bullies, and tyrants—and therefore cannot be tolerated in the republic. You and I have long thought, that to have things well regulated, we must get the people to change some of the fashions ; it will never be done without.

The Irish in Boston ! I looked at them too : there are said to be about sixteen hundred. Now an Irishman in New-England, is like a cock on a strange dunghill. A tame Irishman, that has been caged for a while, I love ; he is even the more interesting for having once run wild ; just as they say in the Circus, the best horses are made of those that at first were “ clear devil.” Then again, at home he is a *persecuted* man, and that is reason enough why an *American* should love him. He is obliged to say his prayers, as they are written down in a book for him by strangers ; and if he will not do that, he must live in a hovel, sleep on straw, feed upon potatoes, and be left out of the account when God’s reasonable creatures are considered. Oh ! the liberty of mind and action ! how soon it furnishes a man with a good warm house, a clean bed, sound meat when he is well, good wholesome broths when he is sick :—how soon it makes a Christian and a gentleman of him !

Could you have believed it? That softly way which the Boston people have of talking and walking, and doing every thing, the Irish have actually caught. They do not run about the streets at night, with a fiddler at their head, and a dozen base women at their heels, yelling and screaming like so many Indians at a war dance. During the whole time that I was there, I never stumbled over a drunken Irishman in the streets, nor saw one take a stake out of his cart, and knock down his horse for not drawing a load which was beyond his strength. Should he do so, I verily believe, that the Boston people would draw a horse-skin over him, with mane, tail, and hair all on, harness him in a cart, and put him on the road: indeed, I am not *sure* that they have not a law authorising the magistrates to inflict such a punishment; if they have not, I am certain they ought to have.

I inquired particularly about the Irish, of your friend ——, who has the true spirit of American liberty about him, in thought and deed; thorough-going, and who does not hate any man, because he was born on the other side of the Neck—nor an Irishman, because he lights his candles when his father dies. “Sir,” said he, “with the aid of their venerable pastor and friend, Bishop Cheverus, we have tamed the *Irish* in Boston: they are as well behaved as our own people of this class. In this country, we must instruct them, we must educate them; bring them into the American fold,

and not let them herd together, as is too often the case, in dens. We cannot afford here to support a single vicious man; for he eats as much as another, is always a dainty dog, that will refuse a crust; and then again, by theft and robbery, destroys what would support three of your country children, if they are only kept clean, and allowed to eat but three times a day after they are two years old, which is the true way of bringing them up."

The Boston houses to country eyes are castles: some cost forty, some fifty, and one not less than ninety thousand dollars! It is not true, however, as I had heard, that the lower stories only were finished, and that the rats and mice occupied all the rest; for I actually know that they are lathed, plastered, and carpeted to the very garrets. But these very great houses are in bad taste for the people of Boston, and do not correspond with their general character—for they are great *political economists*.

A countryman has much to see there; but I had not time to see all. Among other establishments belonging to the city, I visited the *Invalid Hospital*, and the first question I asked was, what the rich men in Boston had done for that? Upon which I was told, that Governor Philips had given to it thirty thousand dollars, and that Mr. M'Lean, a plain citizen, not less than a hundred thousand. This is a fine use of money. I saw in the hospital several patients from the city, who went there from

motives of economy ; who paid, some two, some three dollars a week for their accommodations, including the best medical and surgical aid.— These persons were without families ; and, by a three months' sickness in the city, with a few hundred dollars only in their pockets, would have been ruined. A lodging-house to a poor sick man, is only next to a jail. My friend, who accompanied me to the hospital, related an instance of a man, who had an illness of three months at an inn in the city, who in that time expended every farthing he was worth, ten or twelve hundred dollars ; but he was frightfully sick, and had many attendants.

The people of Boston can afford to build hospitals, and the great houses I have mentioned, for they are very rich. I heard of ten gentlemen accidentally assembled at a dinner table, who were considered altogether, worth *six millions* of dollars ; a large sum to be sure, but in no way dangerous ; for our friends in the country may rely upon it, that the butchers, tailors, coach-makers, &c. will take care that it performs the various useful offices which God designed for it in this country. Who can question an American's title to wealth ? God gave the country, industry gives him the money. These six-million-men were all, or nearly all, born to great *American* fortunes. I was very desirous of knowing what was the character of the *sons* of these six-million-men, and took the liberty of putting that question to one of the fathers. " Sir,"

said he, "our sons behave better than they used to do, and I think I can tell you the reason. Our girls are now so well educated and so knowing, that the young men are ashamed to be ignorant, and this drives them to industry and employment; and besides, sir, you know 'the mother makes the man.'" I inquired particularly about the young men, knowing that a great interest is taken in the rising generation, and found that very few kept mistresses; as the Boston people have brought their economical notions to bear hard upon the vices; for they say, that it has been ascertained that every kept mistress, upon an average, brings four paupers on the town; and every body knows that the town supports the paupers. Nor is there much gaming among the better sort of young men; for they assert too, that when the gentlemen are playing brag in the parlour, the servants are sure to be engaged at all-fours in the hay-loft or stable; and that a gentleman who, by his example, ruins the morals of a common man, is a bad citizen, and no Christian—because morals and religion are even more essential to a labouring man, than a silver knife and fork to a gentleman.

The rich young men in Boston are puzzled to find employment; but they spare no pains to be engaged in something or other: some take to the poor and genteel profession—the law. My neighbours in the country, who live in the midst of dews, frosts, and snows, keep their children clean,

their houses glazed, ride in little waggon, pay their debts and taxes, now and then take a turn in the General Court, and the more intelligent of them in the National Hall,—begin to think that the bread and cheese, pies and custards, are fairly enough divided between them and the lawyers. My friend the Quaker, who is a Solomon among his people, says, that when this shall generally be the case, and men shall have got rid of prejudice, the *Millennium* will come. Some of these rich young men are to be found in this same Hall of Legislature, the *General Court*; a fine school, in which they may become useful to the country; the people of Boston not having adopted a notion, which in this country is too prevalent, that wealth absolutely disqualifies the possessors for transacting their business with ability and fidelity. They rather prefer to mix up all classes; thinking that there is nothing in all God's creation, which can be a dead loss in nature. In this way all are represented; and there you may see blended in happy fellowship, every profession and degree—my neighbours with their three thousand dollar farms, and Mr. ———, of the House of Representatives, whose library is said to be worth one of those farms by three times three. This is the true, the glorious state of things for the republic: the gentlemen having fairly got rid of their stiff aristocratic airs, will be proud to sit on the same benches with the people; and the people, on their part, will not be silly and ill-mannered enough to

crowd them off. There let them sit, and take their places according to virtue and talent, which is God's order, and the order of the republic. I attended the House of Representatives, heard several debates, having my eye upon the *people*, whom the Speaker names as they rise in debate; and here you have Deacon — of —; Captain — of —; Colonel — of —; General — of —; the Hon. — of —; the Rev. — of —. This love of titles is absolutely hereditary with the people of New-England, bred in the bone, and never will, I believe, come out. One of their ancestors, a Mr. Josias,* having declared that he did not believe that a witch could *run*, if both her legs were cut off above her knees, was, by public authority, deprived of this simplest of all titles, it being ordered and decreed for the said offence, that he should for ever thereafter be called by the name of Josias alone. The memory of this disgrace of the unfortunate Mr. Josias, affects them deeply, and has produced the most lasting consequences. But my friend the Quaker, who, of course, cannot bear titles, says that, they are so clever, and never wonder-struck,

* The author of the late History of Boston, wherein the disgrace of this unhappy individual is recorded, has, I acknowledge, assigned another cause for it—that of *stealing from the Indians*. I have ventured, however, considering the uncertainty of our early annals, to state this, as the more probable.

that he can forgive them all these fooleries. This never being wonder-struck, he says, comes from their *asking of questions*, by reason of which, most of them have heard of the seven wonders of the world, and a good many more. I observe the same thing; they seldom stare, their eyes pushed forward like a lobster's feelers, their mouths open, ready to swallow the speaker. No—there they sit, bolt upright, one thumb trundling over another; always attentive, now and then a look at the debater, but their eyes as often directed with a point-blank glance at the wall, or the emblem of the fisheries, the great Cod suspended from the ceiling. I doubt whether *Thomas Addis Emmett*, whose words thrill through the heart, would bring these men round to a straight line with his voice.

My friend the Quaker says, that it is a beautiful sight to see men doomed to manual labour, dressed up *so clean*, mingling with such sobriety, reason, and dignity, in the affairs of governments and nations—in which, to be sure, they have as great a stake as others; and that this, in his mind, is another sign of the Millennium.

This is a happy state of society, if you can believe the debaters in the Massachusetts legislature.* It seems that one of them had been appointed on a committee, upon the subject of

* Mr. Shaw, the member from Lanesborough, may perhaps recollect the circumstance.

Houses of Correction, and the restraining of common beggars, vagabonds, rogues, idle and lewd persons. This gentleman begged to be excused from serving on that committee, and stated his reasons as follows. "Mr. Speaker, I beg to be excused from serving on this committee, as my services can be of no avail whatever; for I assure you, sir, that there is no such description of persons in my part of the country, absolutely none. No sir, you must appoint some gentleman who lives in a district of country where these common beggars, vagabonds, idle and lewd persons are to be found." Now, I knew that this was the state of things in my part of the country; indeed I am utterly at a loss to know what has become of the beggars: not an individual appeared on my premises, during the whole of the last season, and only two have been seen this, one of whom asked for nothing but a few *little books*, to make a penny out of. What a fine knowing race of men, women and children we shall have, when all the beggars have turned book-pedlers! I recommend to the gentlemen of the turf to erect book-stalls for them, on their race-courses.

This is a country of equal rights for the dead and living, for rich and poor; and has on this account its advantages and its disadvantages. Among the latter, may be enumerated the difficulties encountered by the surgeons and physicians, in procuring dead bodies to be cut up, for the benefit of the living. The physicians and surgeons

in Boston were desirous of procuring subjects upon which experiments might be made, that should subserve the great purposes of humanity and science. I was present, in company with my friend, the Quaker, at the moment that the Speaker read a bill which had this object, and which was, as far as I can recollect, of the tenor following.* "It shall be the duty of the selectmen, to cause to be buried decently, &c. all town and state paupers ; or to deliver the bodies of all such persons after death, to their relatives and friends, if so requested, or *to such person or persons, as such paupers shall, during their life time, have requested their dead bodies to be delivered to.*" This bill was read just as the candles were lighting, and just before the usual time of adjournment. When the Speaker had finished reading the bill, I perceived there was some little commotion, as there is in the waters previous to a storm. A member burst out of his pew, into one of the aisles, (~~for~~ the seats there are like pews or slips in a church,) and exclaimed, " Mr. Speaker, a snake in the grass. I don't understand that law. If our dead bodies must be dug up, Mr. Speaker, and cut up, and boiled up, by the doctors, let us all take our equal chance, rich and poor, and the members of

*The author has given the substance of the bill, as read in fact. He does not pretend that he has not deviated, a little, from the course of argument.

this house, too: I have no idea of fish for one, and flesh for another." He had no sooner sat down than out burst another member. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "as the physicians and surgeons are, with propriety, so eager in the pursuit of knowledge, I see not why their own dead bodies should not be made subservient to it. I therefore move this amendment: 'That it shall be the duty of the selectmen, to deliver, for the purposes of dissection, the dead body of any person who shall die in this state, and who may have received a medical degree in any college, or who shall have at any time in this state, practised or followed the art and mystery of medicine or surgery.'" At length a gentleman arose with great dignity and moderation, upon which I observed throughout the whole house a look of satisfaction and curious inquiry. He addressed the Speaker as follows. "Mr. Speaker, I regret that this subject has been introduced at so late an hour, when the temper of the house seems not to be favourable to dispassionate discussion.

"The friends of this bill, in one respect, have been badly advised. It would have been as easy to have procured the passage of a law, authorizing the selectmen to dispose of all the dead bodies of the wives and children of the ministers of our holy religion, for the purposes of dissection, as of those of the *paupers* alone. Because no law can pass here, which does not equally respect the rights of all, rich and poor. This bill, therefore,

should have authorized the selectmen to dispose of the body of *any person* whatever, for the purposes of dissection, if it should be clearly proved to them, that such person made a request to that effect in his life time, or had so ordered it to be disposed of in his last will and testament.

“I, for one sir, do not despair to see that period arrive, when some individuals shall be induced to make so wise and benevolent a use of their bodies. One thing is certain, that if the surgeons have not these *dead* bodies for their experiments, they must make them upon our *living* ones.

“The reverence which has been paid to the dead bodies of men, is but a superstition : it is the mind, the immortal mind, with the living body, so far as it subserves the interests of the mind, that should alone be worthy of regard. In Egypt, if any person, native or foreigner, was found destroyed by a crocodile, or drowned, the city nearest which the dead body was found, was obliged to embalm it. By the ancient Ethiopian practice, after all the moisture was extracted from the body, they covered it with a kind of plaster, which they decorated with various colours, so as to make it resemble the body of the deceased. It was then kept by the relatives for a twelvemonth in their houses, during which period they offered before it different kinds of victims, and the first fruits of the land. The ancient Persians first enclosed their dead bodies in wax, and afterwards placed them in the ground. Among the Romans,

the dead body was bathed with warm water, perfumed, and then dressed in the best robe of the deceased. In this state the corpse was placed on a couch in the vestibule, with the feet outwards, as if about to take its departure. A small coin was put in its mouth, to pay Charon for the freight of the dead man over the river Styx. Such, sir, has been the ignorance and wretched superstition of man. Even among us the funeral obsequies of the dead are sometimes celebrated with great magnificence and expense, and their bodies deposited in costly houses or vaults, as though it were possible for the disembodied and regenerated mind to be gratified with such idle pomp. No, sir, let us cultivate the *living* body: that should be considered the holy temple of the mind, where temperance, like a virgin, should hold her unceasing watch: the living body is the twin-brother of the soul, born at the same birth, a fellow-labourer, a companion through life; in health let us cheer it, in sickness cherish it, pouring oil upon its wounds. The living body is full of beauty and intelligence, we delight to dandle it upon the lap, to hang upon its lips, to embrace it in our arms; but the dead body, what is it? when the look, the laugh, the sigh, the words, the smiles, have departed, what is it, but the prey of corruption, loathsome to the eye, a lifeless trunk without foliage or fruit; to what more christian-like use can it be applied, than in the hands of the surgeon be made subservient to the energy, strength, and health of

the living man? I cannot expect, Sir, upon this occasion, to find such sentiments prevailing; at the same time I do not despair of seeing these prejudices wear out of society, as the mind of man advances, and he acquires more just and noble thoughts of the true dignity and purposes of his nature."

The speaker here sat down. It was evident that various emotions and opinions prevailed in the house; all however agreeing in the inexpediency of the law as proposed, it was rejected without further debate. I have thus given you the history of what transpired upon this occasion, as I like to dwell upon every circumstance which shows, that in our country the rich and poor are equally protected, dead or alive.

Whitfield said that he did not believe that a man with dirty hands could go to Heaven; and I believe that the good mayor of Boston, Mr. Quincy, has adopted this as a part of his religion. The winter is not the proper season for such observations, but I was told that the streets are at all times kept remarkably clean; they do not send their hogs to clean them, any more than you would put a monkey on the table to wipe the cups and saucers. They say there, that the mayor declares that many of the houses are not so clean as the streets; that as he has not power to sweep the houses, he is determined upon obtaining an ordinance to compel the people to clean their feet, whenever they go abroad into the streets. Our

friend the quaker says, that if there could be a model of one clean city, he thinks that it would change the moral face of the world ; I believe the mayor is of the same opinion. As carrion breeds worms, so certainly does filth engender vice and disorder. This gentleman the mayor, with a moderate salary, is devoted to the interests of the people, by day and by night, on foot and on horseback ; in their service he is never wearied. I hope that my friends the cartmen will not forget how attentive he is to their interests, in making those pretty little grooves in the stone flagging that crosses the streets, to save their horses from slipping. I had the honour of an introduction to this gentleman, and took the liberty of saying to him, " Sir, I hear that you have effected a great moral revolution on Mount Vernon." " Mount Vernon, Sir," said he, " when I came into office, was a little pandemonium : there was a population composing a section of our city, of two or three thousand people, fortune-tellers, cock-fighters, gamblers, thieves, robbers, murderers, celebrating their infernal orgies by day and by night. No man, woman, or child was safe there. Knowing that I lived in a virtuous and intelligent community, I thought they would bear me out in strong measures ; I was therefore determined that if there must be vice in a great city, it should to the innocent be invisible, and like the sewers, run underground. I commenced the work in earnest, suppressed the licenses of those who sold ardent spirits ;

found an old statute against pipers, fiddlers, and dancers; put it in force; seized and imprisoned the most notorious offenders; bound over the least dangerous to their good behaviour; doubled the watch and constables in that quarter, so that a peace-officer should meet the vagabonds at every turn, and now, Sir, you will be as safe there as in State street. After all," said the mayor, "in this country, where the civil arm is so feeble, we rely more upon the moral means—our *schools*. I beg you will look at them, and see if there be any thing worthy of imitation." I cannot forbear, my dear brother, to relate to you one little anecdote, in relation to this worthy public officer. After a severe storm of snow and sleet, which, covering the young elms on the common, threatened them with destruction, I saw a man shaking and striking the trees, to relieve them of their burthens, and asked him by whose order it was done. "It is done by order of the mayor," said he; "for the mayor says that the gentlemen must take care of their own shade trees, but that these on the common are the poor men's umbrellas."

The schools!*—as upon this rock the republic stands, at the suggestion of the mayor, I made

* The *facts* stated in this account of the schools are taken from an official statement of them contained in the *Prize-Book*, published in 1822, and from a pamphlet containing the system of education in the free schools, published in 1823.—It is proper to mention that since this period some important changes have taken place.

some inquiry into them, and shall state with accuracy all that I learned upon that subject. The Boston people mean, when asked to show their jewels, like that venerable and dignified old lady, Cornelia, the daughter of the great Scipio and the mother of the Gracchi, to exhibit their children. They have adopted a practice which was common to those ancients in their purer days, of entrusting the education of infant children to the softer sex; to the workmanship of woman, which is more delicate and better finished; her countenance divine; her voice sweeter than that of man, "her skin as different from his as fine from coarse cloth." While the little things are ignorant, diffident, and wayward, instead of turning the school into a house of correction, where the wailings and mournings of the sufferers may be heard from morning to night, she flatters and coaxes them, strokes down the infant passion through the hair; when she enters her school in the morning, taps the boy upon the cheek, and says, "Good morning, my darling," as Napoleon (oh that he had so done in every thing!) used to do when he passed through the rows of his little warriors in the polytechnic school. The foundation of *free* education in Boston is laid in the primary schools, kept by *women*; "for instructing at the public expense all children of either sex between four and seven years of age." They were first established upon the present plan in 1818; the sum voted for their support in the year 1823 was \$10,500; the amount allowed to each teacher be-

ing \$240, without any farther charge for incidental expenses: in April of that year there were forty-two schools, the number of children enrolled in them was 2,205, at an average annual expense of \$4.72 to the public for each child. The object of these schools is to teach the children to spell and read well the English language, "by spelling the same." Now you will observe, that these are children between four and seven years of age. I heard there, and have no doubt of the truth of it, that the most respectable gentlemen in the city attended these schools for a week and more together, as examining committees, and particular mention was made of one, who is said to be among the most eminent lawyers in Boston, who took his turn in ascertaining how the people's children spelled ba-ker, baker, ci-der, cider. The gentlemen in Boston are quite right; it is in this way that they will be able to maintain their ground; this I know, for I live in the country, where such devotion to the rising generation makes its proper impression.

The intention of the primary schools mentioned, is to qualify the children for entering the *English Grammar Schools*, to which they are admissible at seven years of age. In these latter schools the pupils are taught to read, write, cipher, and are also taught some geography; girls are permitted to attend these schools from the middle of April to the middle of October. The average number of boys in each of these schools in July 1823, exceeded two hundred, and of girls one hundred and seventy.

The salary of the master is twelve hundred dollars, of the assistant six hundred, making the expense of tuition alone about nine dollars for each child. Of these *grammar* schools there are seven, besides one at South Boston, and an African school.

The object of these schools, thus far, is, among other things, to teach the children to read the proverbs of Solomon, such as "The wise shall inherit glory, but shame shall be the promotion of fools;" "Wisdom is the principal thing;" "Go to the ant, thou sluggard;" "Much food is in the tillage of the poor;" &c. and other good American proverbs scattered here and there, such as, "Never wear a blue coat and yellow buttons when the tailor has sent twice for his pay." "*Before* the lottery draws come prayers, *after*, curses." "A game cock on the spit is worth two in the pit." Also to read the newspapers, those cheap and excellent *American books*, that they may see how things are going on in the world; and to enable them, now and then, if they can afford five dollars a year, to take a peep into the *North American Review*, and there get some lessons from Mr. Everett and Mr. Sparks upon political economy.

The next school I shall take notice of, is the "*English Classical School*," now denominated the "*English High School*." Methinks that when Columbus first heard the cry of "Land, land!" from the Pinta, he had some prophetic vision of the fine improvements that would grow up in his new country, and that these thoughts supported

him under all the cruel persecutions of his malicious enemies. Observe now, this is a school for every body, a *free* school, learning for nothing, a jeweller's shop; any dirty stone, from any dirty lane may be brought to this shop and here polished without cost; perchance it proves a diamond of pure water, perchance "a pearl of great price." An "English Classical School" for the people's sons and the sons also of the India merchants; the six-million men, carpenters, joiners, all on the same benches! This school went into operation in May, 1821, since which time one hundred and seventy-six boys have been admitted. The course for the first year includes, "intellectual and written arithmetic, geography, and the use of the globes; exercises in grammar, general history, and the history of the United States, book-keeping by single entry, elements of some arts and sciences, composition and declamation." That for the second and third years embraces, "geometry, algebra, trigonometry and its applications, book-keeping by double entry, various branches of natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, moral philosophy, and natural theology, rhetoric, evidences of Christianity, intellectual philosophy, political economy, and logic. Heaven preserve us! had Columbus foreseen all this, it would have turned his brain; he could never have kept his reckoning. Do these republicans mean to make the world mad with knowledge? Oh no, they only mean to find out and polish the diamond. They only mean that

knowledge, which, like the sun, rain, frost, dew, is God's blessing, should, like those gifts, be common. In this school the text-books used are "Colburn's Arithmetic and Sequel, Lacroix' Arithmetic, Worcester's Geography and Atlas, Whelpley's Compend and Tytler's Elements of History, Blair's Preceptor, Grimshaw's History of the United States, Euler's Algebra, Wanostrocht's French Grammar, Télémaque, Charles XII., La Henriade, Legendre's Elements of Geometry, Paley's Natural Theology, and Joyce's Scientific Dialogues." Here then we have a summary of what is taught in a Boston English free school. In this way they mean to have a fine little model republic of their own, where the poor may learn how to become rich, and the rich to become humble. Yes, a little model republic, as they have in New-York a *model school*, school No. —, after the Lancaster plan; or like another school after the same model in the same great city, kept for females alone, and by a *female*; from whom, however, you must keep your eyes, if you would have any other than scanty knowledge of the admirable order, discipline, and beautiful arrangement that prevail in it. This advice I give to all my friends from the country, for a second glance at the little graceful quaker mistress would leave not much to be seen in the pupils. I beg pardon for this digression, but how natural is it to wander from any subject to that most exquisite of all nature's fabrics, woman?

In Boston the schoolmasters are greatly honour-

ed, their company is sought, they stand in the place of the parent ; Socrates himself was a schoolmaster. What an absurdity would it be in a free country, to put our children under the tuition of men whom we deem unworthy of our society ! There are there no little baby-ladies, who are permitted to turn their faces from the schoolmaster in the street, as though a nod of acquaintanceship in so public a place would dishonour them. Oh no, they have as regular a calendar of their schoolmasters as the Arab keeps of his horse. In the town records of the thirteenth of April, 1635, there is this entry : “ Likewise it was then generally agreed upon, that our brother Philemon Pormont (or Purment) shall be entreated to become schoolmaster for the teaching and nourtering of children with us.” Again, in the year 1650, it is also agreed on, “ that Mr Woodmansey y^e schoolmaster, shall have fifty pounds p. an. for his teaching the schollars, and his p’portion to be made up by ratte.” Then appears upon the calendar a long list of worthies : Mr. Daniel Hinchman, Mr. Benjamin Thompson, Master Lovell, Mr. Cheever. Of the last, the second Dr. Mather says, that he was a Christian of the old fashion, “ an old New-English Christian.”

“ He liv’d, and to vast age no illness knew,
Till Time’s scythe waiting for him rusty grew.
He liv’d and wrought, his labours were immense,
But ne’er *declin’d* to *preter-perfect tense*.”

We now come to the last polishing shop, the *Latin Grammar School*; free to all, no paid ticket

for admission; in this school a cartman's son can climb Mount Parnassus, if he prefer that to climbing his father's cart wheel; go to *Rome*, to *Greece* in the best of company, *Horace and Homer*; his travelling expenses all found; there to fit himself for the highest honours of the republic. The last catalogue in this school contains the names of two hundred and twenty-five boys. Of the mode of instruction, and the excellent management of this institution, little need be said. It is generally known to the public, as well as the character of him who is no unworthy successor of Master Lovell and Master Cheever.

The Bostonians are a very kind people to strangers, do all they can to make you feel at home, at breakfast, dinner, and supper; if you lose your way in the streets, (which is not uncommon, for the streets run as the cows used to do in the woods before the Indians were driven out,) and ask a man the direction to the Exchange, it is ten to one that if you are really puzzled to find your course, he will leave his shop-door, and escort you the length of a street on your way. As for paying the man or boy for the service, that is out of the question. In this country, you know, it is a pretty nice point to determine who will receive compensation for such sort of kindnesses.

The people of Boston must have been an industrious race from the beginning, or they could never have become so rich and prosperous. They do not, like the Egyptian king, refuse to take the trouble to write a man's name, because he spells

it with three syllables, "Ptolemy," instead of calling himself "*Ptol.*" They seldom suffer the fish to escape for want of drawing the net. I am not sure that they would like to have it said, but they are in fact, I think, like their neighbours of Taunton; for the story is, that the herring season having arrived, those scaly tenants of the deep did not appear; week passed after week, till at length, on the Lord's Day, when the society was engaged in devout exercises, a man burst through the church door, his hat on, crying out, "They've come, they've come!" and they say, that in two minutes the sexton closed the doors for *that day*.

As the Mayor had been very kind in showing me the Boston schools, and as I had made a discovery, which might deeply affect his interests, I could not think of leaving the city, without communicating with him upon the subject. Upon opening the matter, I stated, that I begged he would pardon the liberty I took in informing him, that I feared there was a party in the city strongly disaffected to his government. "Sir," said he, "that is just the way in which an honest man in office is treated in this country. Here, sir, I am a slave to them: if there is a single green-bellied sick leech, I remove him with my own fingers, that he may not spread contagion among the rest.* I am on horseback in the service of the city by day-

* When a number of leeches are confined in a jar, and one becomes sick, he turns green-bellied, and if not removed, will infect the rest.

light. I have actually turned- scavenger, and empty their dirt-tubs for them; for it was no longer ago than this morning, that a negro came to my office, and said to me, ' Massa Mayor, the cartmen won't empty my dirt-tub; they say they are not obliged to empty neger dirt.' I went to the fellow's premises, called for the cartman, and actually saw the rascal's dirt taken out of his hovel: and here, for these services I am to be turned out of office. But pray," continued the Mayor, " what have you seen, that induces you to think that there is a party here forming against me?"

" Sir," said I, " I cannot tell how *extensive* it may be, and will only state to you the grounds of my fears. I saw this morning on the walls, in the neighbourhood of the State-House, a placard, which I immediately took down, and here it is." The mayor read as follows: " The *mare* of this *Citty* had better look out, or he will get turned out of office, *becourse* the people want it a town *agin*.† This from a friend." " Oh the rogues!" said the mayor, laughing, " these vagabonds who can't spell, and can hardly write, I know them! They are not strong enough here to turn me out; if that is all, I am safe yet. But," said he, " this which you show me seems a trifle; not so, for it is agreed here, that the people must be so educated as not only to read and spell, but also to think and feel, in the main, as we do, or there is

† Boston was incorporated as a city in 1822.

no safety; and to bring about so desirable an end, we mean to spare neither labour nor money."

I do not know that method is so very important in a letter, as it is elsewhere, and therefore I shall here mention two or three trifling circumstances, which may serve to give you a more perfect idea of these people. I had heard that they were in the habit of walking in the morning before breakfast; and as that was my own practice, I made use of it to ascertain the fact; but I assure you it is quite otherwise; for though there be now and then a straggler, there are not many abroad at so early an hour. I can hardly tell why it should be so, for their habits are not such, I should think, that they are ignorant of the fact of which Doctor Franklin informed the Parisians; that the sun not only rose in the morning, but actually shone; as to which latter circumstance the almanac was silent. They are a sober rational people; their evening parties usually break up from ten to eleven, and their very gayest at twelve. But I think I can tell you the reason: their wine is too good; that is, I suppose it must be so, from hearing so much conversation about it. I happened to be invited to one of their dinners, with a fellow-lodger, who was a stranger, that had just arrived in the country; and as is very common, the discourse after the cloth was removed, turned upon "White-Top, Black-Top, Essex, Eclipse," &c. &c. which at the first mention, I thought were the names of some noted horses, but which in fact compose the vocabu-

lary of their wines. Both my companion and I were of course silent, as we could not talk about that, of which we were ignorant. At length, however, when the day was far spent, a charming female child, of about four years of age, the daughter of our host, came running into the room, was seized by the father, who kissed her, and put her on the table, where the beautiful thing flew about among the vases of grapes, raisins, and oranges, as does the humming-bird over my honey-suckle. This gave a sudden turn to the conversation, from wine to women; natural enough, you will say. But there was not a word that the chastest ear would turn from; and I must, in justice to them, declare, that this is the usual style of conversation, even in convivial circles. This direction being given to the discourse, there was much said about the finer sex; their beauty, (of which as I can attest, they have exquisite samples,) figure, complexion, education, &c. &c. here, and in foreign parts; the superior chastity of our females, in high and in common life; the education of women; its great improvement in their own town, and how much the happiness of the world depends thereon: upon which various topics, all of the party made some observations; when I saw that my fellow-lodger stared more and more, as it came out incidentally, that five out of eleven present had been travellers abroad. He and I left the room together; and we had hardly put our feet upon the threshold of the door, when he remarked in a low voice, "those *wine mer-*

chants are a very intelligent set of men ; but I suppose they have been travelling in the wine countries, to establish their correspondences.”— “Not at all, not at all,” said I ; and could scarcely overcome his incredulity, when I informed him that the Bostonians were great travellers ; that the five were men of fortune, who had spent years abroad in the most liberal pursuit of knowledge ; that three were lawyers at the very head of their profession, and the other three, merchants of eminence in the city.

Thus you see, that I have been obliged to tell you a long story, to account for the empty streets in the morning ; this however is but the half of it.

There is a disease here, which is said to come with the easterly winds, which, as they ride high, enter none but the most lofty houses ; the humble tenements of the plain, industrious, hard-working citizens, escaping their baleful influence. Its symptoms are not unlike those of the hydrophobia ; the patient snarling at his children, quarrelling with his wife, cursing his food ; and in the subsequent stages, even in its mildest form, he is obliged for weeks and months to graduate the heat and cold of his room by a thermometer, to weigh his food, and measure his drink. Its seat is said to be in the *stomach*, the latent causes, the winds I have mentioned, and *indigestion* ; but what is singular, it seldom attacks *labouring people, or water drinkers*.

Now you will easily suppose, that such sufferers can have no appetite for a walk before breakfast

in the morning. But as I told you, I now and then met a straggler, who had come abroad at an early hour, with a smooth face and bright eyes, to see the little tame pigeons take their breakfasts in the middle of the streets, out of the contents of a meal bag, from which some negligent cartman had lost the string the night before.

I once met one of these, a lady ; she was walking in Common-street, as they call it, and had arrived at the very curb of the pavement, seeming to desire to pass a street which was quite covered with water. I had overcome the obstacle by going a little farther down, Winter-street, I think it was, (if the absence of the sun makes winter in their lanes, every street might be properly so called,) and as I could not, like Sir Walter Raleigh, enable her, by spreading down my cloak, to pass over dry shod, as he did his Royal Mistress, I attempted the next most gallant thing, in pointing out the true course for her to take. She however turned upon her heel, thanked me, said she was only taking a walk, and should retrace her steps. I shot ahead, and soon came in contact with a man of a dingy complexion, with a large tin vessel in his hand, and a ladder under his arm, whom you will know for a lamp-lighter, as readily as we recognise a miller in the country. “*Well neighbour,*” said I, (a word which announces to a citizen that you are from the country, and makes him more free and sociable on that account,) “you, myself, and that lady, seem to be the only persons stirring this cold morning. Do the ladies

say the stones do in Ireland,
in at all."

passed up the street a few paces,
rear, in the attitude of gazing
they might not observe that I
conversation; when they stop-
a party of boys, some thirty
l to be just entering a school-
on one of these foreigners ob-
on, "John, I don't think I
me, bright-looking children,
they looked just so at New-
-ason?" "Reason enough,
-er at work at their children;
-ows through. They know
-eason that their liberty faces
-aw, man," replied the other,
-d since you came over the
-eally think that these *infants*
-do in Ireland?" "Yes, and
-a dozen on a desert island,
-and choose them where you
- which will come off first:
-t Dublin than you do your-
-do you know that the ladies
nurseries but for the babes?
hildren down stairs into the
- on the Common there yes-
-their sleds, as they call it;
-all, and the snow so high,
-ice in a meal-tub. Besides,

here walk much in the morning?" "Oh no," said he, "few of them *crawl* out early; she took it up in foreign parts—has lived in Naples, I hear."

Upon the occasion I have mentioned, my excursion continued an hour longer than usual; in which time I passed through a great many narrow streets, where the very poorest of the people reside, and could not but remark, as I had repeatedly done before, how *well clad* even those of this class were in Boston. It is indeed refreshing to see, this sign of comfort and happiness. As I had nearly reached my lodgings, I came up in the rear of two Irishmen; one of whom I perceived immediately, from overhearing their conversation, to be a citizen, and the other a stranger, very recently arrived. I approached them within a few paces, when the latter observed to the former, "John, what *good clothes* they all wear here; but I suppose that the Mayor, or the Congress, takes care of the poor ones." "Not a bit, man, not a bit, man," replied the other; "they buy their own garments. Look here, Dennis, do you see that stone building? that's where the lawyers plead; and do you see these rows of names? they call it Court Square, or Barrister's Hall! Would you believe it! these lawyers have set themselves down upon a property that belongs to a man I know, who, only twenty years ago, was a servant in a gentleman's family! They begin by putting their money into a Bank they have here—they call it a Saving's Bank—where poor people's money

grows, just as they say the stones do in Ireland, without touching them at all."

Upon this they passed up the street a few paces, I keeping still in the rear, in the attitude of gazing as a stranger, that they might not observe that I was noticing their conversation; when they stopped a little short of a party of boys, some thirty or forty, who appeared to be just entering a school-house on the left; when one of these foreigners observed to his companion, "John, I don't think I ever saw such handsome, bright-looking children, as these in America; they looked just so at New-York: what is the reason?" "Reason enough, man; they are for ever at work at their children; the inside polishing shows through. They know so much; that is the reason that their liberty faces are so bright." "Pshaw, man," replied the other, "your brain is turned since you came over the water! And do you really think that these *infants* know more than ours do in Ireland?" "Yes, and indeed they do: put a dozen on a desert island, with as many others, and choose them where you will, and you will see which will come off first: they know more about Dublin than you do yourself, man. Dennis, do you know that the ladies in America keep no *nurseries* but for the babes? No, they drive the children down stairs into the streets; you saw them on the Common there yesterday, *coasting* with their sleds, as they call it; the little fellows so small, and the snow so high, that they looked like mice in a meal-tub. Besides,

Dennis, the children are for ever among the men and women ; they look on, and listen like young kittens, and before they are half-grown, get all the ways of the old cat.”*

The conversation here closed, and I went home to my lodgings, with at least as good an appetite for my breakfast, as any of those could possibly enjoy, for whom Champaign had flowed the night before, as freely as water.

I hope, my dear brother, that you will not think me wearisome, in giving you so long an account of what the Boston people are doing for the improvement of their people, and particularly for the education of their children. Not that they are doing every thing possible, or in all respects, just what I like most : but this shall not be a subject of discussion, in an epistle already too long. Do inform our mutual friend, Mr. John Griscom, of what is going on there. I must now say, farewell ! Let the cause prosper ; we shall be made the happier for it in this world, and in the next too.

Your affectionate brother,

N. D——.

THE END.

* These are not the only foreigners who have remarked upon the great number of well-clad people in Boston, or observed upon the striking beauty of the instructed children in America.



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